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Friday, August 19, 1977



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In this issue

ON THE COVER: This summer's tourist trade is booming, setting records for each of the past three months and continuing at an unprecedented rate. Increases have been running at 30-plus per cent. And the influx does not appear to be letting up; Ben-Gurion Airport has been the scene of extremely heavy traffic during the past couple of weeks.

The cover photo, by David Rubinger, shows a group of tourists at the Banias, the site of a ruined city at the foot of Mount Hermon; near a spring which is one of the sources of the Jordan. The city stood over a grotto dedicated to the Greek god Pan, and originally was called Panias.

On the main road from Eretz Yisrael to Damascus Banias had a substantial Jewish community during the Middle Ages. Jews lived there until the early part of the 17th century.

American press predictions of gloom and doom after the Vance visit are unfounded, points out Wolf Blitzer. 5

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מכרז מן האכל

WHY DID so many of the American reporters who accompanied Secretary of State Cyrus Vance on his Middle East swing return to Washington with such gloom-and-doom stories about the failure of his mission? Or perhaps one should ask why they were so surprised that he should not have achieved what he never set out to achieve. For if they were to turn back their notebooks to July 29, and look at what he told the Washington press corps just before embarking on his trip, they would see that he was careful to limit the scope of his objectives, deliberately refusing to raise expectations.

It was certainly possible, he said in reply to questions, that by the end of the mission the U.S. would not know whether the Geneva peace conference could in fact be reconvened this fall. "It will depend on what happens during the trip," he pointed out.

The tight-lipped secretary, who has the reputation of saying only what he absolutely has to say, went on to suggest that if plans for a Geneva conference could not be nelled down during the upcoming journey, "then we would plan to have further meetings, and one of the things which we have been discussing in the way of procedures for those further meetings is to have the further meetings at the time that the various foreign ministers will be in New York for the General Assembly."

Later during the news conference the secretary repeated, perhaps for emphasis, that if he were unable to work out final details for Geneva during this trip, "then we are prepared to continue the discussions starting thereafter, probably with meetings in New York at the time of the General Assembly."

Having been so clearly forewarned of the secretary's low expectations, why are the reporters now talking about the collapse of the Carter Administration's peace initiative and the eventual outbreak of another round of warfare in the Middle East, as if they had been led to believe that Vance was carrying a solution to the Arab-Israeli problem in his pocket?

President Anwar Sadat — that's the apparent answer.

A few days after Vance had deliberately limited his objectives, the Egyptian leader threw the secretary a curve ball. It caught Vance and his entourage off guard. At a joint news conference following their talks, Sadat raised the possibility of a different scenario from the one outlined by Vance in Washington. Sadat was not only more optimistic; he was also more ambitious.

He said that he was prepared to have his foreign minister, Ismail Fahmy, participate in "working group" meetings in the U.S. with the other Arab foreign ministers and their Israeli counterpart, Moshe Dayan. In fact, Sadat would not object to a direct meeting between Fahmy and Dayan.

Vance was miffed by the Sadat statement, not so much because of its substance — the two men had discussed such a proposal in considerable detail, as had President Jimmy Carter and Prime Minister Menachem Begin in Washington last month — but because Sadat was making it in public before the idea was even broached with Syria and Jordan. What would happen if they disagreed? Vance feared that Syria's hardline president, Hafez al-Assad, was unlikely to go along with the idea, because it could be

construed as abandonment of the concept of full PLO participation in the negotiations. And once the proposal was shot down by Assad, Jordan's King Hussein would be forced to follow suit.

At that point, the entire Vance mission would look as if it were crumbling, and the appearance of diplomatic momentum in the Middle East is crucial if the Carter peace initiative is to remain on track.

A MISREAD SCENARIO

The inclination to interpret Cyrus Vance's just-concluded Middle East visit as a failure does not take into account what the Secretary of State expected to accomplish, writes Washington correspondent WOLF BLITZER.



Porah, if Sadat had remained more discreet during the first leg of the Vance journey, the American press would have given Vance a little more credit than he received (he didn't receive much).

Perhaps Washington Post diplomatic correspondent Don Oberdorfer would have been less gloomy in his analysis of the situation. "The best chance in 30 years for a negotiated settlement to the Arab-Israeli dispute has evaporated almost completely, despite the intensive efforts of President Carter and Secretary of State Vance," he said.

Oberdorfer predicted that the apparent deadlock "could create conditions for political upheavals, guerrilla activity, border clashes and, eventually, a fifth Middle East war. This sounds like a nightmare scenario — and it is — but an 11-day Middle East journey leaves me no cause to expect anything much better."

While these dire predictions by Oberdorfer and other American reporters on the trip may yet prove premature, there is no doubt that they reflect the deep disappointment among certain

Vance was only saving face, according to these commentators.

Middle East analysts in the Administration, who are becoming increasingly convinced that the gap separating Arab and Israeli positions is just about unbridgeable. Some of these officials appear ready to throw in the towel.

But the top U.S. leadership, especially President Carter, clearly wants the effort to continue. Progress has already been made, and more is definitely possible.

One optimistic U.S. source, well-connected in the Administration, referred this reporter to Vance's initial July 29 news conference to put the current situation into its proper perspective.

And he noted that Begin himself had predicted that the foreign ministers of Israel and the Arab states, attending the General Assembly meeting, would meet with the Americans to continue the preliminary discussions leading toward Geneva. Begin had spoken to Carter about Dayan's September visit to New York, the president agreeing that it was a good idea for the foreign minister to come to Washington for a session at the White House as well.

While, therefore, Washington remains disappointed in the Israeli refusal to budge from its opening bargaining position, of

Since then, Carter has concluded that it would also be proper — in fact necessary if the U.S. were to continue its "even-handed" approach to the Middle East — for the Arab foreign ministers also to make the pilgrimage to the White House for carbon-copy receptions. Such is the world of Middle East mediators.

IF, THEN, Vance and Begin anticipated this scenario, why all the despair?

There's another reason, in addition to Sadat's overly ambitious suggestions. Many U.S. officials are getting increasingly fed up with what they regard as the unnecessary inflexibility of the Begin government. And these fears are reflected in the American media, which have lambasted Israel during recent days.

What the Carter Administration hopes to avoid is becoming unavoidable, according to American sources. And that is a possible confrontation with Israel over certain fundamental issues, such as territorial withdrawal and a Palestinian "homeland or entity."

The U.S. and Israel disagree on these two issues — Israel opposes the creation of a Palestinian anything, call it homeland, entity, unit, state or whatever, and it also refuses to withdraw to the pre-1967 lines with only "minor adjustments," as called for by the president.

Actually, the only point on which Washington and Jerusalem agree is the nature of peace. Both want a settlement to lead to normalized relations, including the establishment of diplomatic, commercial and other ties.

Begin may make the point in his public speeches that the U.S. and Israel have agreed to disagree and will not allow these differences to cause a rift in their relationship.

But the Carter Administration does not accept this assertion. It has not agreed to disagree with Israel. It has not agreed to go to Geneva without a firm understanding between Israel, the Arab states and the U.S. of the general framework of an over-all settlement. To do otherwise, according to the U.S., would invite failure at Geneva — a development even worse than having no Geneva whatsoever.

WASHINGTON is still pressing Israel to make some commitments in advance of Geneva, even though the Begin Government is resisting these requests. Diplomatically, the president let this be known in the White House statement issued last Sunday following his meeting with Vance.

"Each of the parties has been asked to provide more detailed expressions of their positions in order to accelerate the reconvening of a well-prepared Geneva conference," the statement said, referring to the coming meetings with the Arab and Israeli foreign ministers.

The U.S. is still hoping to hear from Israel that it will in fact be prepared to withdraw from territories on all three fronts — Sinai, the Golan and the West Bank — in exchange for real peace with the Arabs. Carter, Vance and other U.S. officials are not pleased by Israel's general statement that it will be prepared to negotiate all issues, with no preconditions or prior commitments. They want to hear specifics.

While, therefore, Washington remains disappointed in the Israeli refusal to budge from its opening bargaining position, of

(Continued overleaf)



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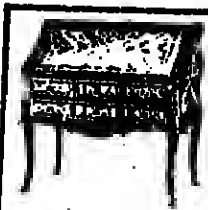
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(Continued from page 5)

Officials here are not hiding their virtual glee in disclosing that the Arab states are holding moving in the right direction on the question of peace. American officials firmly believe that Egypt and Jordan — and possibly even Syria — will be prepared to sign full peace treaties with Israel in exchange for a far-reaching Israeli withdrawal, almost back to the 1967 lines.

What is happening is that while the Arabs are signing themselves with Washington (and nearly everyone else, including the Soviet Union, Western Europe and the Third World), Israel is finding itself increasingly isolated.

THIS WOULD set the stage for what is now developing as the ultimate tactic in Carter's strategy for bringing peace to the Middle East. On several occasions recently, the president has indicated that it would be very difficult — if not impossible — for one leader in the Middle East to resist the pressures of world opinion.

"I think world opinion is very powerful on disputing nations when there is a consensus about what ought to be done," he said on Sunday night in an interview with ABC News.

Carter also said that he would continue his search for peace "in a very determined and tenacious way. And I am going to continue to go public with the American position."

This seemed to recall his recent remarks in a Time magazine interview when he said: "I think that if a particular leader of one of the countries should find that his position is in direct contravention to the position of all the other parties involved, including ourselves and the Soviet Union... there would be a great impetus on that leader to conform with the overwhelming opinion."

Everyone here recognized that the president was obviously referring to Begin, as he was in another remark he made during that same Time interview. Asked what he would do if the U.S. and Israel positions differed at Geneva, the president replied:

"I would try and marshal the support of the (Israeli) leader first of all. Secondly, the opinion of his people back home, the constituencies that might exist in our own country that would have influence around the world, opinion community and in the Arab nations as well."

Knowing Carter's drive and determination, political observers here in Washington have no doubt that the president would in fact resort to such tactics to convince the Israel Government to accept the international consensus. All sorts of security arrangements for Israel would of course be included in the package, including the possibility of a mutual defence pact; but the general outline would have to follow the Carter plan.

CARTER AND his advisers believe that they played an important role in shoring up Begin's domestic standing in Israel by laying out the royal carpet for the prime minister during his visit here. At the same time, they feel that they have the means to do the opposite.

They speculate that Begin's popularity in Israel might drop if relations with Washington began to sour; that over U.S. pressure tactics against Israel might not even be required to help create a situation whereby new elections in



Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.

Israel could become necessary. And, assuming that Begin refuses to go along with U.S. suggestions, the Administration could be instrumental in promoting — quietly of course — a new Israeli leadership.

Certainly, no one in the U.S. Government is yet actively considering such drastic steps. Carter and his top aides would much prefer to see Begin come around and take a "reasonable" stand — one which Washington believes is in Israel's best national interest in the long run, no matter how painful it might prove in the short term.

AT THE MOMENT, Carter is going along with the widely held impression that he and Begin developed a solid working relationship, and built up a good personal rapport, during their talks here. This serves Carter's immediate purpose of stemming the tide of criticism from Israel backers in Congress and the American Jewish community.

But the Israeli leadership, especially Begin, should be under no illusions. Carter can be tough, if necessary.

Carter and Vance, at least one other lesser U.S. officials, were upset over Begin's remarks, at a Jerusalem dinner honouring Vance, comparing the PLO with the Nazis, and those who accept the PLO with those who refused to take Hitler's anti-Semitism seriously in the 1930s.

Vance oiled his displeasure with the Begin "lecture" to the president. Both men thought that the remarks were in bad taste, especially the barely veiled criticism of current U.S. efforts to moderate the PLO.

Despite the PLO's record of terrorism, the U.S. Administration

hardly considers that it approaches that of the Nazis. In fact, American analysts seem genuinely impressed by the "moderate" wing of the PLO.

CARTER HAS BEEN sending clear signals to the PLO in an effort to encourage it to accept Israel, or, at a minimum, UN Resolution 242.

In March, just a week before the PLO's National Council meeting in Cairo, Carter told a town meeting in Clinton, Mass., that any settlement should include a Palestinian "homeland." It was the first time this suggestion had been made by an American president. Clearly, Carter threw it out as a signal to the PLO to modify its Covenant at the PNC meeting, as Egypt and Saudi Arabia were pressing it to do.

In fact, Sadat had accused Vance in February that the PLO would indeed change its Charter at the meeting — a prediction that proved wrong, thus embarrassing the Egyptian leader before the new American president. Both Egypt and Saudi Arabia had been telling the Americans that the PLO needed a little encouragement, and that it would join the mainstream of "moderate" Arab thinking.

Similarly, Saudi Arabia (but not Egypt) has been attempting to orchestrate a PLO softening towards Resolution 242 at this time, once again urging the Administration to signal the PLO that it could join the negotiations if it accepted the key resolution.

That was the reason why Carter three weeks ago — in the Time interview already quoted — said in the most positive terms yet that the U.S. would "immediately commence plans" to start talks with the PLO once it accepted Resolution 242. "I hope that Mr. Begin would accept that," the president added.

But even the important goal of winning U.S. recognition, and all that goes with such a prize, will probably not convince the PLO to give up its dream of destroying Israel. At least that's the assessment of knowledgeable Middle East sources here, who have observed PLO intransigence first hand over the years.

IF THE PLO refuses to accept the resolution — as is likely — at least Washington and the "moderate" Arab states will be able to say: "We tried. Now let's proceed with the negotiations without the PLO."

At this stage, the feeling here is that Israel need not get all tensed up over the hypothetical possibility of the PLO's accepting the resolution, because that is just not likely.

There can be no doubt, however, that should the PLO accept the resolution as it now reads, Washington and Jerusalem would head into a major confrontation. One well-known Washington cynic commented:

"If the PLO really knew what was good for it, it would accept the resolution just in order to strain American-Israeli relations."

So the scene now shifts to the UN, where foreign ministers from around the world will gather. Call it proximity talks, shuttle diplomacy, working groups, or a full-fledged Geneva conference: a solution to the Arab-Israeli dispute seems as remote as ever.

Yet diplomats will be diplomats and American presidents will be presidents, which means that efforts to resolve the dispute will continue and we are likely to see more action in the Middle East diplomatic arena. □

GETTING TO THEM FIRST

A pilot project designed to keep girls out of distress is described by JOAN BORSTEN.



Rachel plays Rummikub with one of the girls of Beitenu. (Passow)

THE WORLD'S oldest profession is all too firmly rooted in Israeli society and quite obviously here to stay. Many of the women involved (initially estimated at 1,500) ultimately find that the money (up to \$1,000 a day) justifies the risks — physical danger, social ostracism, disease.

Others, however — Zahava Tausner, the 19-year-old who recently committed suicide rather than see her story screened on television, may have been one of them — might not have become prostitutes had they been reached by the right person at the right time. That, anyhow, is the philosophy of the Welfare Ministry, which seven years ago opened a special service to provide intensive counselling and rehabilitation services to 2,000 Israeli girls between the ages of 13 and 21.

The department's emphasis on a one-to-one relationship between social worker and "girl in distress" (na'arat b'mizukah) has proved most effective, and a special pilot project — a club for teenage girls which combines individual counselling with group work — has yielded commendable results.

The story of the pilot project begins in 1971, when Rachel Lev, a Haifa-based social worker who specialized in group dynamics, dreamed up the idea of a clubhouse in areas where there were large concentrations of girls in distress. She felt that the girls needed a place of their own, with a pleasant, comfortable atmosphere, always open to them.

"After all, these are girls who have no sense of belonging, who don't fit into a social group, who feel uncomfortable or unwanted in their parents' home."

A club would allow social workers to deal with their cases individually and also through group counselling, felt Mrs. Lev, who opened one in Tel Hanan, a suburb of Haifa. Her hypothesis worked well, but the club had to be closed down when the social worker left Northern Israel and no replacement could be found.

Some years later, the idea was revived by Cilla Bareket, the 35-year-old Welfare Ministry supervisor then in charge of approximately 16 social workers dealing with 470 girls in distress in Haifa, Beit Shean, Migdal Ha'emek, Afeka, Safad, Tel Hanan, Acre, Marom Hagall and Tzfat Haparnel.

THE FIRST Welfare Ministry club was located in Migdal Ha'emek, where a very cooperative municipality agreed to provide an empty apartment and a reasonable budget. Two young seminary-trained youth workers — Mazal, a Yemenite, and Rachel, a Moroccan — furnished the living room with throw rugs and posters, back issues of a popular women's magazine, a tape recorder, a small stereo and stacks of pop records, and games. The kitchen was equipped with everything needed for cooking and baking. One bedroom became an office, the other an activity centre.

Mazal and Rachel began frequenting the town's coffee houses and teenage hangouts, looking for girls whose names appeared on a list compiled by local probation officers, policemen, teachers, social workers, and Tzfat Halav nurses (who had contact with the families through the younger children). Most were girls who did not go to school or to work regularly and who suffered from terrible conflicts with their parents. Many at one time had run away from home and spent days, or weeks wandering around areas such as Ellat or the Tel Aviv central bus station. They were promiscuous and often took money or gifts for their favours, but did not consider their occupation prostitution.

Mazal and Rachel — who in their cuffed jeans, boots, and knitted caps looked much like the girls they sought to contact — told anyone interested that they were available for "just talking," and that the clubhouse was open from morning to night. Seventeen girls between the ages of 13 and 20 began to show up regularly. So did 18 non-problem girls who were invited to be members, in order to ensure that no stigma would be attached to Beitenu (Our House), as the girls chose to name their club.

Classes were arranged in home economics (cooking, budgeting, how to set a table) and drama. Talks were given on a regular basis by a psychologist. A nurse came in to chat about such subjects as menstruation and pregnancy. There were group discussions on subjects like parent-daughter relations, dating conflict, the meaning of "boyfriend," how to avoid provocative situations. There was a cosmetics course and a folk dancing circle.

There was also a lot of personal attention paid to the 17. The social workers talked to them individually ("...conversations usually lasted a minimum of several hours"), and often about family quarrels over dating, boys,

and clothes, probing the roots of their alienation and making constructive suggestions. In an effort to change the girls' self-image, they also tried to get the girls to discuss themselves, what they thought of their families and what they thought their families, siblings as well as parents, thought of them.

Rachel and Mazal never worked with a girl until they had consulted with her parents. They felt it important that the families understand what they were trying to achieve and why things had gone wrong. They also insisted that attitudes toward the girls change. "The intentions of the parents are usually good, but their backgrounds just didn't prepare them for raising their children in a modern, secular society."

The initial response to Beitenu was excellent, partly because there were no other organized activities for teenage girls in Migdal Ha'emek, and partly because the girls really felt the club was theirs. They would come in to clean the place without being asked, bring in new posters and magazines. And they passed a rule restricting the club to regulars. "It's too nice to have men here," explained one of the regulars.

In January, 1976, the Beitenu programme had been running for several months. Although it was still too soon for a proper evaluation, youth worker Rachel was already convinced the Welfare Ministry was on to a good thing. "The girls who come here really want to be helped. They are confused and know they are headed in the wrong direction, but never before have they had anyone to ask for guidance," she said.

"We emphasize to the girls that we don't lie to them, and that in

turn they must be honest with us. We also insist that they stop us if we are asking too many prying questions. But they never do; they are delighted someone, anyone, is taking an interest in them."

"I also find that most of the girls I work with relate to me well because our backgrounds are so alike. My parents are just like theirs, illiterate and old-fashioned; and I, too, come from a large family (I'm number six of 11). I think the fact that despite it all I somehow had more tenacity than they have and managed to become a qualified social worker at the age of 20 gives them a goal."

However, Rachel was finding the work, with its irregular hours, very demanding.

"These are girls who have never before had a positive relationship with an adult. You have to be available at all times, to have infinite patience, the ability to convince, and the willingness to spend hours just talking and caring. Sometimes a girl calls her social worker at midnight. Sometimes the social worker has to go and get a girl out of jail."

"I didn't come with high hopes," Rachel added, "but if I can establish a relationship with the girls, maybe it will give them some of the motivation they need in order to change."

IT WAS IN January, 1976, too, that the club Rachel Lev had started five years earlier in Tel Hanan was reopened. Ayelet-Hen, like Beitenu, was based on an integrated population and a combination of individual and group counselling, but there were several fundamental differences between the two.

Ayelet-Hen, for instance, was located in a two-room bomb shelter and furnished more simply than Beitenu. ("We wanted to see how important an apartment and large budget were," said Ms. Bareket). The girls were between the ages of 15 and 16, still studying or working but about to revolt.

Activities were offered only twice a week, from 6 p.m. to 11. Also, Zahava and Michal, the social workers, were actually third-year students from Haifa University. A lack of qualified social workers in Northern Israel in general, and a lack of social workers able to meet the demands of the girls, in specific, was still proving to be the major stumbling block in implementing the club idea.

Zahava and Michal found their girls through a list compiled by local professionals, and also by permitting each girl they had recruited to invite a friend to join the club. As was the case in Migdal Ha'emek, they didn't have enough room for all the Tel Hanan girls who wanted to be club regulars. And in contrast to Rachel's experience, Michal and Zahava found that because they were Ashkenazi, the girls had a craving to be accepted by them.

"It's very important to work with the girls at this stage," said Michal, "before they are on the streets and while they are still single — too many see early marriage as an answer to their problems. These girls are all very impressionable — it's really just a question of who gets to them first, us or the lower life."

THIS ALL happened 18 months ago. Since then Cilla Bareket has left her post for a new position in

Zichron Yn'scov. Now in charge is 30-year-old Ada Pillec-Trossman, who was produced in follow-up on both clubs.

Beitenu. Sixty-five girls in distress were cared for by Rachel and Mazal over the past two years, 50 of whom attended regularly, 34 for "intensive care." Of the 65, seven have moved on to join regular youth groups, eight are in the army, five are working for the army, one is attending a technical school, one has just finished technical school and begun working, two are married, one is studying at Moshav Nahalal, two are in foster homes.

Of the rest, five have stopped coming to the club, six have left Migdal Ha'emek, 20 still attend Beitenu regularly and another six are being cared for but are not yet ready for organized activities.

Ayelet-Hen. Half of the original girls are now taking a youth leaders' course at the local cultural and sports centre. Most of the others are still coming to the club regularly. A new group, made up of girls similar to those who attend Beitenu and prostitutes who want to give up that occupation, is currently being organized.

How does Ada interpret those results?

"As far as the girls in Migdal Ha'emek go, the fact that so many have joined a regular youth group, gone to the army or are studying, is amazing. In Tel Hanan, it's a real pleasure to hear girls talking about what they are doing to help their community and volunteering for duties at the community centre."

"We are now starting a third club in Acre. We wanted to do so before, but as usual we lacked the manpower. We just don't have enough social workers who can deal with wayward girls and who are prepared to take the 'blows.' Also, we can't give what workers we have a case-load of more than 25 files at a time and still expect them to be effective."

Why the Welfare Ministry feels that the club approach works is summed up in an article written for its bi-monthly magazine, *Se'ad*, by Michal and Zahava. Girls who had never before "belonged" to a social group suddenly found they were "part of a crowd," they write. Through the club, the social workers were able to study the girls in a social as well as individual context. The girls competed with each other for the social workers' attention, and were therefore eager to come for discussions and activities. The desire to win the group's approval brought out the best in the girls, often previously unexpressed.

Effective tools such as role-playing sessions, improvisation exercises, and communication games are only applicable to group situations, Michal and Zahava point out. They say they have found that it is possible to change the norms of an entire social group, thus strengthening the resolve of the individual girl to stand up to the negative influences of her environment.

Ms. Trossman, while emphasizing that clubs like Beitenu and Ayelet-Hen may not be the solution for every girl in distress, maintains that the idea has proved a very good technique for resocialization and rehabilitation. "It allows us to attack the roots of the problem, not just to put a band-aid on a festering sore." □

הכרזה מן האצל

FIRST OF ALL, I think it necessary to present my personal credentials of incredulity: I have no particular belief in, nor any inordinate enthusiasm for, Extra Sensory Perception, or any of the other parallel phenomena lumped under the heading of parapsychology.

I am a sceptic, and the sort who has enough trouble interpreting the data gathered by the five physical senses, let alone worrying about a sixth or beyond. I also happen to believe it's more important to know one's blood type than one's zodiac sign.

In addition, I have never conversed with anyone from another planet — and this is no gratuitous disclaimer, for many folk in the parapsychology field apparently have such chit-chats on a fairly regular basis. In short, when it comes to magic, medium, mind-reading, telepathy, telekinesis, teleportation and all those other *telepeles*, I'm pretty much of a non-believer.

Surprisingly enough, such scepticism is perfectly welcome to the members of the Israel Parapsychology Society of Jerusalem. This group of several dozen Israelis is interested in the full range of parapsychological activity — from Uri Geller's metal mangling to poltergeists and clairvoyance — but their emphasis is on critical examination, testing, and understanding. Stago performers and such avoid the group, in fact, because it is too professionally alert to fraud.

"We like to think of ourselves as an amateur scientific group," says Cary Kloetzel, the society's secretary. "For even as science has neared the limits of mystery, parapsychology over the years has become increasingly rational. We like to think that we approach unexplained parapsychological phenomena with open, scientific, even sceptical minds. Our group is disparate, and so are the subjects we study and discuss. It is our non-mystical attitude that is the binding factor."

I happened to come into contact with the Israel Parapsychology Society and its secretary purely because something I'd written here earlier on a related subject caught their eye — and Iro. The group, which is celebrating its 10th anniversary this year, was founded by Dr. Chaim Berendt, along with the late Dr. Hugo Bergman, the philosopher. Berendt, who has written extensively on parapsychology and has published one of the few books on the subject in Hebrew (*The World Beyond our Five Senses*), is the guiding hand of the organization. He is currently abroad on sabbatical, and in his absence Cary Kloetzel has been ably coordinating the organization's activities.

IN THE Jekyll half of her life, Cary is exhibitions and public relations director of the Jerusalem House of Quality. In the Hyde half, unlike any previous ESP-freak I've met, she does not wallow in solenoid fiction, astrology, tarot and the like. She has neither flown in a flying saucer, communed with a carnation, nor been chatted up by a ghost. In fact, she has never had any "extra-sensory experience" whatsoever, and is certain that she has no particular supernatural talents or skills. Cary merely strolled into a lecture given by the group 10 years back and stayed on, out of pure intellectual curiosity.

That was back in the days when the Israel parapsychology scene,

ESPRIT DE CORPSE

"Ridicule we can stand; it's misrepresentation that hurts," says the secretary of the Israel Parapsychology Society of Jerusalem. MATTHEW NESVISKY, making no attempt to hide his scepticism, tries to steer a fair course through the hazards.



Experimenting with the ESP tester, the operator watches for light flashes and listens for beeps. (David Rubinger)

or what there was of it, was dominated by a somewhat eccentric character, the late Margot Klausner of Herzliya. Today, local enthusiasts are unlikely to be poking into witchcraft or crystal-ball reading, although nothing beyond the realm of the normal is really beyond the realm of their interest. Still, they must maintain constant vigilance against charlatan seers, faith-healers, and others on the lunatic fringe of parapsychology. Indeed, a major concern of the local group is the paucity of serious research in Israel in the area of parapsychology. Cary Kloetzel points out that unlike in

the U.S. and most European countries, no Israeli university has a chair or department in parapsychology, and the Government, of course, has more practical things on its mind than supporting such study.

(The Russians, for example, are notorious for the seriousness with which they approach parapsychology. *Los Angeles Times* correspondent Robert Toth was recently arrested by the KGB and subsequently expelled from Moscow because he was too cosy with a chief psycho researcher there.)

Cary also points to the fact that

aside from Dr. Berendt's work, virtually no serious parapsychology material is published in Hebrew.

"We think it's a shame," she says, "that young people growing up in this country with a natural curiosity about our field have so limited access to the latest developments and research. Yet the universities ignore the subject. By doing so, they prove themselves completely behind the times. Our society has numerous members of long standing from the medical professions and the academic world. But many don't advertise their membership

because of the stigma attaching to the subject here."

because of the stigma attaching to the subject here."

IN RESPONSE to that situation the society does what it can for the propagation of parapsychology. It maintains a modest library of a few hundred volumes of books. Harofe, at the corner of Herzl Straus and Street of the Prophets, it publishes a newsletter; and it encourages younger people to attend its meetings. Many of the sessions are conducted in English, because of the international character of the guest speakers, and because most of the reading matter and research for discussion comes from abroad.

A recent lecture, for example, was delivered by Dr. Wilhelm Schjelderup of Oslo, on the subject, "New Approaches in Biology: the theory of Biological Plasma and the Principle of Holography." Heady stuff. But members also get together informally to discuss anything from Yoga-tripping to the mushroom meanderings of Carlos Castaneda.

The Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., which was set up in New York by a well-known psychic named Eileen Garrett, helps the Israeli contingent keep abreast of the international scene. It also provides some funding to the group, and encourages its research and publication. Cary Kloetzel points out that seances are virtually unknown in Israel, and the country has no haunted houses in the tradition of the great spooky homes of England. But there is still a rich vein of ectoplasm to be investigated here.

SOME of the phenomena members of the society have poked into recently illustrate just how varied its field of interest is. They have examined the Jerusalem street where water purportedly runs uphill, considered acupuncture conducted with light and sound instead of the traditional pins, and collected and recorded prophetic dreams in sealed envelopes for later reference.

They also discovered a girl who, they felt, exhibited some remarkable mental powers. When the girl was subsequently the subject of an Israeli Television interview, however, she failed to "produce" — much to everyone's chagrin, including the girl's.

Cary explains this by citing the "antagonism" of the TV crew. Scepticism sends out "bad vibrations" which crimp a psychic's performance, an explanation which is commonly accepted by the parapsychology in-crowd.

Presumably then, it was just as well that this reporter was not present when the group recently tested a 16-year-old boy from Haifa whose mental metal-bending skills reportedly outbent Geller Uri Geller. Metallic samples were provided by two metallurgists, who are currently studying their crystal structure for alteration at an unnamed university here after the Haifa Houdini had an opportunity to work them over. Dr. Berendt filmed the boy's performance and is writing up his report. I saw photographs of the results, which Cary declined to release for publication, and can only say I'd sure hate to try augging my coffee with those spoon.

THE SOCIETY also recently acquired Israel's first and only Sensory Perception testing machine. This is a small device, produced by a firm in, not surprisingly, California, where ESP has long been big and where they seem to translate just about

everything. (One can only gasp at the prospect of clearing such a mysterious little black box through Israeli customs.) The ESP tester, however, is a relatively simple device which produces blinking lights and aural tones in a random pattern. The operator tries to anticipate where the next light will flash or the kind of beep to be beeped, and his accuracy in a series of trials is charted on a graph. The operator may also try to transmit the machine's signals mentally to a blindfolded subject, and that subject's receptivity can be charted and measured.

I recently borrowed the box to test myself and my family. While maintaining strict laboratory conditions, we conducted enough trials to dispel any hopes of extraordinary extra-sensory talents in the clan — except for one series which sharply indicated that my 10-year-old is a witch, which we had always sort of suspected, anyway.

Such testing does have its value, but is still quite modest in comparison to what is conducted at Stanford University or Duke University in the U.S. or, for that matter, the work done by the Soviets, who are reported to be greatly interested in the military application of ESP.

The Israel Parapsychology Society has had contact with the IDF on at least one occasion; in 1968, when the submarine *Dakar* disappeared, the society contacted a Dutch psychic named Greet who specializes in locating people lost under water. The medium delivered his message and the society, after some deliberation, relayed it to the IDF, which thanked them but made no further comment.

The deliberation, of course, was from the suspicion that the IDF would not be interested in the views of parapsychologists, and while membership in the society is open to all, the group is sensitive to folks on the outside. "Ridicule we can stand," Cary says, "it's misrepresentation that hurts. Israel is simply so far behind the rest of the world in serious investigation into psychic phenomena. We look forward to the day when the subject starts getting the treatment it deserves."

SUCH activity muted in Israel because there is perhaps something un-Jewish about ESP and the like? There is, after all, a biblical injunction against seeking out the company of witches.

Cary admits that some of the unorthodox activities of her group might not sit well with some of the ultra-Orthodox folks in her neighbourhood (she has lived for 40 years in the charming Kerem Abraham quarter of Jerusalem, which adjoins Mea Shearim; her father, C.Z. Kloetzel, is well remembered as a pioneering journalist in Israel and was a long-time editor at *The Jerusalem Post*). However, she points out that several members of the society are religiously observant, and at least one is deep into Jewish mysticism.

Beyond that, it is rather surprising that more psychic research isn't carried out here in the land of prophecy. Old women in water? Kurds conduct faith healing? Hassidim occasionally claim to tell your fortune from tea? A neighbourhood woman in tea? All seem choices for parapsychology investigators. So there's no telling what the future holds on the local psychic scene.

PARANORMAL healings tend to be like UFOs in that they are usually witnessed by someone else. One accepts the possibility that they occur, but, lacking the personal experience, is always searching for arguments to back one's belief.

ZVI KASHER is a paranormal healer. An unusual heat radiates from the palms of his hands. "It's very strong," he says, flush with the first surge of his power.

That it should be possible to eradicate disease without recourse to drugs or to surgery, is enormously encouraging; more so, of course, to those who have illnesses that are incurable and do not respond to conventional methods of treatment.

THE EVIDENCE is anecdotal. S.A. lives in Jerusalem. She is 45. Has three children and three grandchildren. Trouble with her right leg. Muscles began atrophy. Started suddenly, seven years ago, and got much worse. Had to wear a special shoe. She dragged her leg horribly. Swung it sideways when climbing stairs. Afraid that she would lose the leg. Doctors couldn't help.

She read an article on Zvi Kasher in one of the afternoon papers. Phoned him and arranged a meeting. He said, "Take off your shoe. I'll give you a massage." After only two or three minutes, he told her to get up and walk. Her leg felt lighter and better. After five healings, she walked with only a slight limp and could wear normal shoes.

Her leg is now filling out. When I last saw her, she was sure that after one or two more healings she'd stop limping altogether. "Only this man helped me," she said. "And without anything — no medicines, nothing. Only with his hands."

It may be conceded by some that "functional" illnesses yield to mysteriously short-cut "cures," but that "organic" illnesses (implying chemical processes beyond the power of the mind to affect) remain unaffected by mumbo jumbo. That there are extremes on both sides is noted; one side argues that even diseases of the "mind" are caused by glandular or chemical imbalances, the other that all diseases, physical and mental, originate in the imagination of the sufferer. One need not presume to have sufficient knowledge to arbitrate, however, before acknowledging that startling cures have been effected, often when orthodox medical means have failed and physicians have despaired.

ZVI KASHER was born 37 years ago in Iran. He's been in Israel for the last 20. First worked as a building labourer, then in an hotel. Now works in a Tel Aviv bank, where he is in charge of maintenance. His colleagues call him "doctor." One clerk was cured of fainting spells. He brought his mother to see Zvi, who enabled her to move a hand that had been paralysed.

"I had a growth on my back," said a department head at the bank. "The biggest specialists said it was inoperable. I decided to let Zvi try to help me. I was cautious about quacks but I felt that I had nothing to lose. Zvi pressed my back and after only a few minutes the growth — and the pain — disappeared."

The religious place these cures in the framework of their belief. It is uncertain what part "faith" actually plays in the results. Many of those who are healed do not appear to believe in anything

HEALING HANDS

Zvi Kasher claims to be able to cure disease by the laying on of hands. The Post's ALEC ISRAEL takes a look at this form of healing, and outlines some of the arguments and explanations for it.



(MILMAN)

special, and nor do their healers — so "natural forces" could be at work.

"IT WAS while I was taking a bath one day, about two years ago, that I became aware of this force in my hands," Zvi recalled. "I touched the tap and got what felt like an electric shock. I couldn't put my hand back in the water because it felt as if it was full of electricity. I had a relative who worked at Tel Hashomer Hospital and I went to see him. He got a doctor to do tests. I was told that an unusual amount of electricity was coming out of my hands. The doctor wanted me to undergo more tests

at Tel Aviv University, but I didn't want to. At about this time I had a very vivid dream, and a voice in my sleep told me that I was being given a great gift from heaven and that I must use it to heal other people. In my dream I saw dead people get up and walk and I said to myself, 'But they are alive.' I awoke repeating the names David and Moshe to myself.

The Orthodox Jewish position, in so far as there is one, is strongly pro-medicine and pro-physics.

"In the Kiddush," said Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz, the noted Talmudist, "there is the idea that the world is not a complete and perfect

creation; but God gives man the ability to change the world for the better." According to this view, physicians are God's instruments. Only God, however, can be a fulfilled and a merciful healer. None the less, it is accepted that certain people have so-called psychic healing powers. "Some individuals," continued Steinsaltz, "seem to have some power of healing. In the mystical literature it is assumed that a person at a certain stage of spiritual development can attain such an ability. Some people didn't care to develop it at all; some did. There was no training, as far as I know, for healers in the strict sense of the word. But there were some streams that weren't averse to acquiring this kind of ability, along with other things. I don't know how true these things are, and how much of it is what they call imagination, suggestion, and so on. So I am sceptical. Not because I think I ought to be, but because I am not ready to believe anything for the sake of believing."

"I'M VERY good with toothache," said Zvi. "Click chack. I only have to touch a sore tooth and the pain disappears. When you write this in the newspaper," he added, "put down that I don't go to hospitals and that I've stopped trying to help paralytic cases because they take a lot out of me and I can't sleep well for days afterwards."

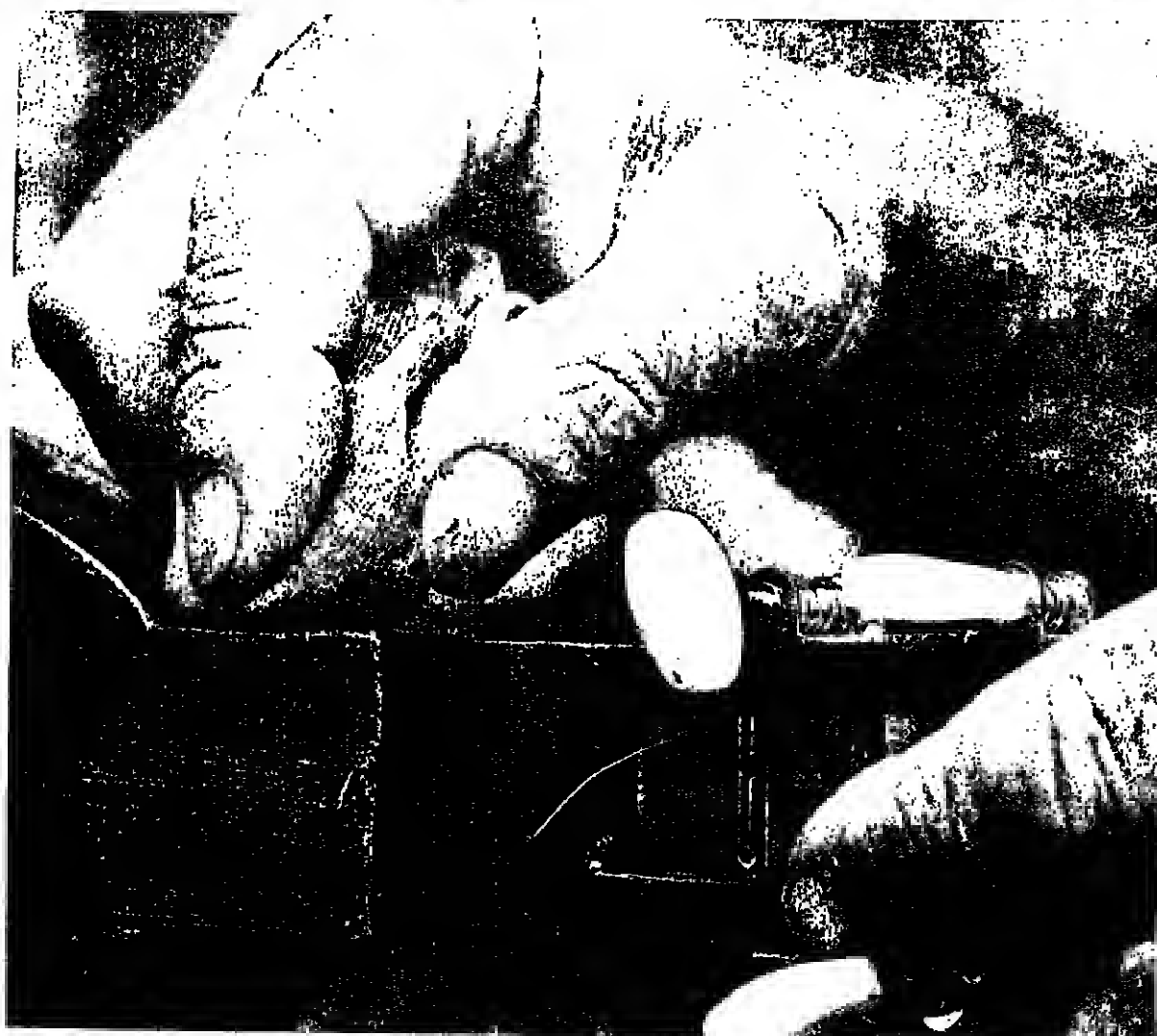
Zvi Kasher first tried out his healing power on a neighbour. Word spread, and after about a year the Hebrew press got to hear of him. Now, people wanting help ring him at all hours of the day. He accepts payment.

"I can help headaches, migraines. Put that down. Also, by placing my hand on a patient's head, I can tell where it hurts him. Sometimes I don't feel anything and I say so. One man, who said he suffered from a persistent headache, was unhappy at home — there was nothing wrong with his head. And I told him to stop wasting my time."

How much are we really expecting when we say that a particular cure can be attributed to suggestion? What makes "suggestion" less magical and more scientifically acceptable than "faith healing" or "healing energy" or whatever?

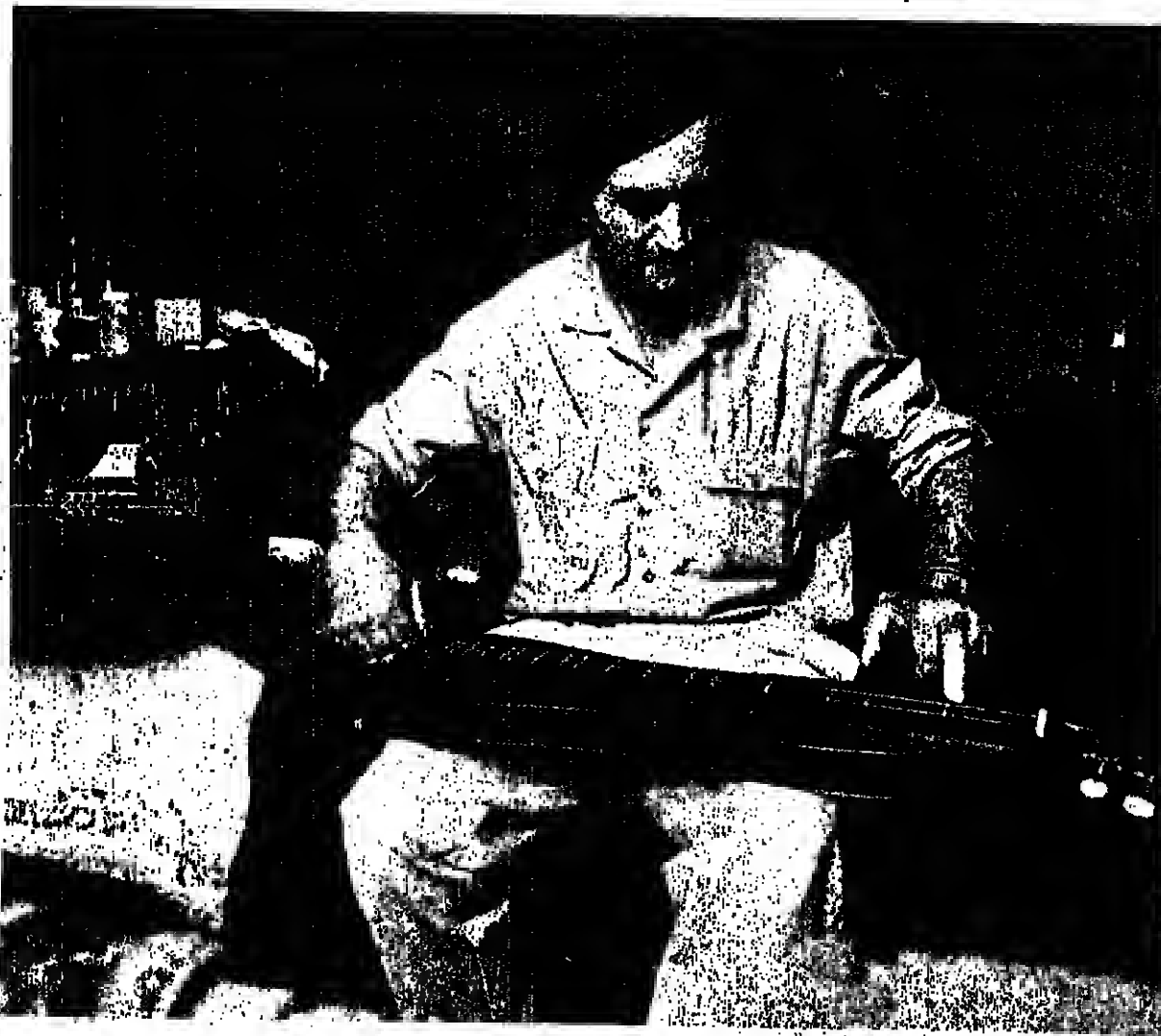
The fact that the Russians take the paranormal very seriously and have repeatedly established the reality of intangible forces in their laboratories, is ammunition for all those who maintain that there are more things in heaven than are dreamt of by dialectical materialism. But to adduce this fact as proof is ultimately as servile and unimaginative as to insist that it is all baloney. Mind garbage there is plenty of in the occult. As there is in science. Men in the dark needs a helping hand; and helping hands there are; but it takes a special kind of fool to lose himself with words when what he wants is a tr.

MY WIFE had a lipoma the size of a grapefruit above her left hip. Our family doctor advised surgery. When we were told that it would be weeks before there was a bed for her in hospital, we decided to try Zvi Kasher. He gave her two healings. After the first healing, which lasted only a few minutes, he claimed that the growth had become much smaller and softer. We weren't so sure. After the second healing, however, it was clear that nothing much had happened. The lipoma was subsequently excised by a surgeon.



STRINGING ALONG IN MEA SHEARIM

Considering the enormous popularity of the guitar, it is surprising that there is only one guitar maker in Jerusalem. ROBERT D. KAPLAN recently paid a visit to Nuriel Cohen and heard how he came to take up the craft.



THE WOMAN puts the guitar down on the table, nervously awaiting the craftsman's verdict. The craftsman's eyes scan the instrument like an auto mechanic appraising a used car.

The answer: the metal bridges holding the nylon strings are worn down. The screws must be replaced. A formula top is recommended for the guitar body, for better acoustics. A price is negotiated. Finally, the guitar is placed alongside all the others piled up in a corner, smelling of sawdust and shellac.

The afternoon has begun for Jerusalem's only guitar and dulcimer maker, in his shop at No. 1 Rehov Lev Dayan off Rehov Mea Shearim. It was a long journey that brought him there.

"You want to hear it all? We could be here all year, you know," warns 55-year-old Nuriel Cohen.

The tale begins in Azerbaijan, deep in the belly of the Caucasus Mountains. There he was born and that was where he and his parents began the westward trek to Palestine in 1920, walking through Kurdistan to Mosul in northern Iraq. From there they travelled by car and donkey to Aleppo. The road led southwest to Tripoli, then to Beirut.

"I was eight when we crossed over from Lebanon. We came to Safad on donkeys. My first encounter with this people was in a small Christian village. I forget the name. They gave us food and pitta and drink and a place to sleep.

"They were such good people. In the morning, one of them saw that I didn't have a cross around my neck. He said, 'You are not Christian?' 'I'm a Jew,' I replied. So that was that. They are direct people. I like that. From the village we went to Tiberias, and finally to Jerusalem."

Then came a deep breath; just relating the story of the journey was apparently tiring. In between, of course, there were other anecdotes — about an Arab who gave him food, and about his difficulties with language. At that time, all he spoke was "old Turkish," Cohen described it as "the Yiddish of modern Turkish."

But what about the guitars and dulcimers?

"I'm coming to that part of the story," Cohen assures me.

SOON AFTER they arrived in Palestine, Cohen's father went to work in a winery, pressing grapes with his feet. The craftsman stood up and described it, simulating the technique as he did so.

Cohen had little schooling. He worked at various jobs based on carpentry. "I love working with wood," he said.

In the '60s, he worked for Solei Boneh as a mechanic and carpenter. He never learned how to play an instrument. On an impulse he began to make a guitar, but didn't finish it.

"One day my little boy said to me: 'Father, remember the guitar you started making? I want you to finish it.' So what did I do, I finished it. And I saw that my son was very happy." Subsequently, his son learned to play this instrument.

Soon after, a friend of Cohen's showed him an Italian guitar from Naples. Cohen took it and made an exact copy. Then his son brought home a friend who had a broken guitar. "Father, can you fix it?" he asked.

"I repaired it. It was a nice hobby. At that time, I didn't have the courage to make a business out of it. But my son and I want to this Rubin Academy of Music here,

where we were sent to a guitar teacher, Ada Brodsky."

The year was 1960, and the music teacher was very impressed with the guitar. She told Cohen, however, that the strings were not arranged properly, and showed him how to correct them.

Inspired, he went to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, looking for financial help in starting a business.

"I went time and time again, but nothing happened. Finally, I acted on my own and looked for a place to rent."

Another shop owner on Rehov Lev Dayan told him about the place and he was sitting in.

"It was filthy and full of furniture. But I said to myself, 'It's better than nothing.'"

Next he went to his boss at Solei Boneh and said: "I want a long vacation without pay."

HE BEGAN converting the two-room, Ottoman-built flat into a carpentry shop. Then, ironically, the ministry offered him a 112,000 loan.

"I refused it. What could I do with 112,000?"

So, without any help, he started operating in October, 1960. His first break came when the Sapfir musical instrument shop in Rehov Ben-Yehuda offered to buy guitars from him. It began a business relationship that has continued to this day.

Cohen makes between three and four guitars a month: it sometimes takes 12 days to make one instrument.

His customers have included a Spanish musician and a song troupe from Paraguay.

He only makes Spanish-style guitars. I asked if there was such a thing as an Israeli guitar. He grinned and said, "No."

A few years ago he began substituting wood with formica for his guitars; he claims that it gives better acoustic effects.

He laments that he doesn't have enough private customers. On the other hand, he complains that the tax structure doesn't make it worthwhile for him to increase his individual sales. For this reason, he continues to make dulcimers "only as a hobby."

HE BEGAN making dulcimers five years ago, after a visiting American introduced him to the instrument. Cohen can make the four-stringed instrument, which originated in the Appalachian Mountain region of the United States, in eight days. He has made 10 of them, but — as with the guitar — he won't give an exact price for publication. Despite the fact that individual sales are small, he does a thriving repair business, and this has made him many friends.

"That's why I do it, not really for the money. I'm free."

The anecdotes continue. A guitar wholesaler in the U.S. wanted to place an order. "How many do you want?" a relative of Cohen's asked. "A few thousand," responded the businessman.

"Of course, I couldn't do it," says the craftsman. "I work only by myself."

"You want to hear more?" he asks.

Almost two hours have passed. The cold drinks are finished. I leave him to his shop, filled with two electric saws, an old broken radio in a corner, and an ancient wall calendar, with a diagram of what he called a "chicolo" guitar on the back. A musician from Paraguay drew the diagram. And Cohen later made an exact replica. □

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADAM AND HAVAI — Musical comedy by Jonathan Gefen. (Belt Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Saturday at 8.15 p.m.)

ADAM WITHIN HIMSELF — Songs by the folk and rock composer/singer Shalom Hasech and his group. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

BUDU SAKAI — Singing old and new songs with his group. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

EVENING OF JAZZ — With well known Israeli musicians. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 11 Bezalet, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

FAITHFUL CITY — Multi-media entertainment on the theme of "Jerusalem." (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 11 Bezalet, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

GAGAHASH MAHIVER — In a new programme of political satire. (Belt Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; Thursday at 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.)

BASSIDIO POP — With the Diaspora Yishva Band. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — With the Tzahal dancers. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

MOTIME AND BLUES — With pianist and voice quartet. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

SHELLI AND YORAM — Israeli songwriters. (King David, terrace, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

YEHORAM OAO — In a new one-man show. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

BECKY FREESTADT — In a new show of humorous musical sketches. "Smile My Beloved Country." In English. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frish, tonight at 10.30; Hilton Hotel, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — Singing songs and playing her guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at midnight; Monday at 8 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Singer/composer sings his songs. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 8 and 10.30 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — A new programme. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

YOSSI BANAI — (One man show of songs and jokes. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 8 p.m.)

Haifa

CARMEL NIGHT — Open air show with Dudu Dolan and Avital Siron. (Oan Ha'em, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHOCOLATE, MENTHE, MASTIK — In "The First Night." (Haifa Auditorium, Saturday at 7.45, 8.45 p.m.)

DOE OZANO FUN LINE — Yiddish entertainment with Terry Osher and Monica Moldas. (Yahavah Hall, Solei Boneh Square, Saturday at 8.30 and 9 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT '77 — With Jackie Elkayam, Tzavta Pk, Dory Ben Zeev. (Ora Theatre, Herzl St., tonight at 10)

YEHORAM OAO — (Shavit Theatre, 8 Hasepeli, tonight at 8.15)

Other Towns

CAPITAL LETTERS — Programme of dance by Rina Shoham and poetry read by Pinhas Koren, poems by Lea Goldberg, Nathan Altman, Yehuda Amichai and others. (Gehor, tonight; Ashkelon, Tuesday)

YOSSI BANAI — (Rehovot, Wix Auditorium, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)



From left: Yordana Arasi, Ruthie Holzman and Lea Lofton, Ohocole, Menta, Mastik, as they appear in their show.

THEATRE

Jerusalem

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter searing story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and as intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Jerusalem, Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

WHERE ARE YOU, BERL? — Play, with Avner Hachishu, Gomer Theatre action about the history of the Yishuv. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Monday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

GOD AND MAGOO — By Yehoshua Sobol. A Haifa Theatre production directed by Nofa.

Haifa

UMABATHA (The Israel Festival) — Performed by the Nafat Theatre Company of South Africa. The story of "Meebeth" told in terms of the Zulu people. The show is loud and full of motifs and of savage power which makes for a worthwhile experience. (See review.) (Hechal Hasepeli, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

MARATHON — A four-day story of a play by French playwright Claude Cofortis, about three men running a marathon race; under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Merzer, with the Khan's cast of three notable runners for about two hours. (Nehmani, 17 Nahmani, Saturday and Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

Other Towns

UMABATHA — (Kfar Sava, Hechal Hasepeli, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

For last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available please contact Box Office.

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

GIORA FREIDMAN — Jewish soul music. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

WISGAL AND SCHOENWALD — Duo pianists. (King David Hotel, terrace, Monday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI SOCIETY — Works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. With Yehoshua Eilat, violin and Sh. Freud, harpsichord and organ. (International Evang. Church, 58 Hanev'im, corner Bezalet, Tuesday)

ALL MOZART PROGRAMME — Chilla Gressmeyer, Adl Station, soprano; Eden Gressmeyer, Adl Station, soprano; Eden Gressmeyer, Adl Station, soprano; Eden Gressmeyer, Adl Station, soprano.

Tel Aviv

MAIRIA BONOARENKO, piano, BATHEVA SAVALDI, voice — works by Locleir, Franck, Ravel, Saint-Saens. (Hebrew University, Beit Seigla, Olval Ram, Sunday)

Haifa

CARMEL MATINEES — With the Youth City Orchestra. (Oan Ha'em, Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

ILBY — Musical play. (Haifa, Shavit, 8 Hasepeli, Monday at 4.30 p.m.; Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

ON THE HIT PARADE — Musical play. (Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

FILMS FOR CHILDREN — and all the family. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday. For details call 61117)

THE KEYHOLE AND THE STORY OF COLORES — Musical play with the Kav Players. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Wednesday at 3 p.m.)

THUMBOLINA — Telpi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaye. (Yokneam, Amik, Monday at 4.30 p.m.; Kiryat Bialik, Bayun, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.; Netanya, Esther, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Dian Keaton as Anole Hall.

BOUND FOR OLEST — David Carradine plays Woody Guthrie, the legendary folksinger-people's poet of Depression-era America, as a poignant idealist in a world of cheap commercialism. Haskell Wexler, photographer, and Hal Ashby, director, have made a rich, humane film with love and care.

BLUFF — A rollicking tale of two Italian coolidgee tricksters, set in the 1930s. Adriano Celentano ("Yuppi du") gyrates his way through some ingenious trickery and Anthony Quinn looks out of place in the lightweight, sensational comedy. Captive to the owner of a gambling den. Well dubbed in English.

C.A.S.H. — (Chemical Air-Spray Holdup). Original title "WHIFFS." Elliot Gould bouncing back from M.A.S.H. to whiff nerve gas for U.S. Army human guinea pig experiments. Artificial play twists Gould's underdog to mastermind of gas attack on city to stage bank hold. Directed by Ted Post.

COUSIN, COUSIN — Light, whimsical domestic comedy, not important, but agreeable with some well observed detail. Directed by Jean-Charles Tonella with Marie-Christine Barrault, Marie-Francoise Piel and Victor Lanoux. In French.

FANTASIA — Brilliant, delightful dream-clip of Walt Disney classic. Recommended for the whole family.

FELINI'S CAGANOV — Top-heavy sitcom. Dorel Sutherland as Caganova flexing his genital muscles while Felini bats his creative broom in par-anal, multi-sensual satirical orgy of 18th century Europe. Anti-erotic, anti-Caganova, dazzling and indigestible.

FUNNY PEOPLE — South African filmmaker Jamie Uys traps people in practical joke situations, with hidden camera technology. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of passers-by turn to uneasy laughter when the gullibility of under-oducted blacks is exploited.

ONE WITH THE WIND — Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

HERESHELE — New Israeli musical comedy with Mika Burstin in the title role. Co-stars Arya Eliaz and Mandy Riza Davis.

THE INCREDIBLE SARAH — Free portrayal of the early life of famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Lavish settings, well-known cast, and an overbearing Glenda Jackson.

KING-KONG — Italian producer Dino de Laurentiis' \$25 million "new improved" remake of the 1933 King Kong monster movie has some spectacular effects but fails to capture the barbaric simplicity of the authentic Kong.

LIPSTICK — About a photographic model (Margaux Hemingway) who is beaten and raped by her director (Lester Marl) music teacher, the subsequent trial where the rapist is let off, and the consequences. Four script and the only real decent acting comes from Anne Bancroft as the prosecutor.

MARY POPPINS — Julie Andrews as the nanny with magical powers sings and dances her way through this musical fantasy for all the family.

MOBY DICK — Release of the film based on Herman Melville's classic. Stars Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab, out for revenge against the whale that got his leg.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Involved is TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a newscaster, Faye Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duval, a top network officer.

NINOTCHKA — 1939 Ernst Lubitsch comedy about an icy Russian agent (Greta Garbo) in Paris who falls in love with a dashing Melvyn Douglas.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menachem Golan. This one stars real Israelis including some familiar ex-Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous version.

OUT OF SEASON — Three excellent performances in seclusion theatrical-style drama. Mother, former lover and daughter fight it out in a run-down English hotel. Sexual, shocking climax. Some excellent dialogue.

ROCKY — Made with a rock-bottom budget of \$1m. and written in three days by Sylvester Stallone — who also stars in the title role — the film became an Academy Award winner for best picture, best director. The story of an impoverished, once-third-rate boxer who rocks to success and gets to play the world heavyweight champion parallel Sylvester's own life story.

(Continued on page 10)

הכרזה מן האוכל

WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of IL17.25 per line including VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs IL250.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Jerusalem

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call "Volunteer Department: Keren Kayemet LeIsrael Jewish National Fund" in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Knyemet, Tel. 09-35301. In Tel Aviv, 98 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 03-234440.

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3. Morning half-day tour of Old Hadassah project, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only. Tel. 413323.
4. Hebrew University tour in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Clival Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tour, 11.30 a.m. from the Marlin Buber Building, Buses 8 and 28. School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 30430. American Mithral Women. Guest Tours — Jerusalem — Tel. 237758.

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between 8.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. to arrange visits to our Central Blood Bank in Jaffa and for information regarding other Magen David Adom installations.
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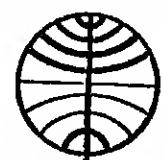
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DINING OUT

Family restaurant

BILL OF FARE

THERE WAS a time when it was not uncommon to see ordinary Israeli families sitting out with their children.
This night has almost passed from the Israeli scene. Prices in most restaurants have become so prohibitive that a couple can hardly afford a meal out for themselves, let alone for their children.

Just it was with a certain amount of pleasure that, upon entering the City Restaurant, just outside Herod's Gate in Jerusalem's Old City, we saw a number of families with children. To get into this restaurant was had to squeeze by a felaful stand; but once inside, we found comfortable chairs and large tables docketed with red tablecloths.

The proprietor asked that we rely on his judgment in providing a first course, and we were not disappointed. The selection of rice was the usual one, with hummus, labane, eggplant salad and a very hot onion and pepper salad, but all of them were quite good. The more unusual dish was fried slices of eggplant, sprinkled in a hot pepper dressing. When he saw that we liked it, the waiter brought us more.

Unfortunately, none of the stuff

ed vegetables was available, and there was also no roast chicken stuffed with rice, which was would have liked to have tried. We had no way of knowing whether these selections, listed on the menu, are ever available.

I SETTLED for a shishlik, and, for a change, I was not disappointed. The pieces of tender lamb had been grilled in the Turkish manner, together with chunks of vegetables.

The shishlik was served on a large platter, together with my companion's shuya with tomatoes, which the proprietor had recommended highly.

The dish, in the City Restaurant, consisted of a large portion of chopped meat which had been highly seasoned (with, among other things, cinnamon) and baked with large sections of peeled fresh tomatoes. It was very tasty.

With a large selection of Oriental pastries available, we were unable to pass them up. We both tried variations of burna, the sweet that Westerners compare to shredded wheat. My companion's was filled with pistachios, mine with walnuts. Both were good, but not exceptional.

The coffee was very good. The bill, including three cans of imported beer (it was a hot night), came to IL10. □ H.L.S.

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Sales talk

Catherine Rosenheim

ISRAELI SHOPPERS are great bargain hunters. But you will never find them lining up, ready for the fray, from dawn or even overnight, as their European and American counterparts habitually do prior to the opening day of department store sales. Nor will you find such dramatic price slashing — a mink coat reduced by 75 per cent; dinner suits at a fraction of their normal price, thoroughly wearable "oddments" going for a song.

Curiously enough, while even the most reserved, polite and phlegmatic of British shoppers may be caught doing furious bot-

tle with fellow consumers in the frenzy of sale time, the Israeli, not generally noted as a stickler for etiquette, has a cool, calm and thoroughly collected approach to end-of-season sales.

Taking a stroll along some of Tel Aviv's busiest shopping thoroughfares earlier this week, I stopped in at two medium-sized department stores, Schneidman and Iwanir, to ask them about this, and to discuss clearance sales policy in general.

Both Avinoam Schneidman and Iwanir explained that their policy is to clear out as much of their regular stock as possible, generally with a 20 per cent reduction. A small amount of stock may be bought especially for sales, sometimes marked down by as much as 50 per cent, and clearly billed as a "special offer."

The impression I got from com-

paring stocks of a month ago to those currently on sale was that all reductions were genuine and that, for the shopper who has had the patience and willpower to resist shopping for summer clothes until August, the reward is an average 20 per cent reduction.

AS TO THE LACK of really dramatic price slashing, and the resultant absence of hordes of shoppers, both offered the same explanation: abroad, most stores work on a mark-up of 100 per cent and more on the wholesale price. Here, while overheads are similar, the mark-up is generally around 50 per cent, sometimes even less, leaving a far smaller margin for reductions.

MOST CLOTHING, including shoes, will increase in price by some 30 per cent during the com-

ing year. Bearing that in mind, certain items are well worth purchasing during the current sales — though not, of course, if their purchase entails running up an overdraft at 40 per cent interest, or a cupboardful of "bargains" that you never really needed.

A good, if somewhat far-sighted, buy at Schneidman is their men's corduroy suits with Safari jacket, normally IL\$45, now reduced to half price. Odd pairs of Italian men's sandals also reduced by 50 per cent for clearance, and now sell at IL\$12. Pierre Cardin women's tunic sweaters, the and of a range of coordinates, are now IL\$18 instead of IL\$25.

All Schneidman's swimwear stock is reduced by 30 per cent. A classic one-coloured bikini or one-piece suit will be useful for a good two months to come, and not

dated by next summer either. Perhaps the best buy of all at Schneidman, though only for a limited category of customers, is their wedding dresses, some reduced from as much as IL\$450 to IL\$90.

Ilan Iwanir, whose store's overall 20 per cent reduction policy extends to everything except made-to-measure suits, recommends as best buys ranges of classic two- and three-piece knitwear; classic shirts and summer styles in "gypsy look" and white or off-white "lingerie look" styles, which, he predicts, will still be in fashion next year.

He also says that for anyone planning to buy a leather coat or jacket, it is well worth taking advantage of the current reduction, since leatherwear is bound to rise considerably by the winter, most coats are virtually classics.

GOOD NEIGHBOURS

Forty years ago, Jews from Palestine often holidayed at Lebanon's cool mountain resorts, where enterprising hoteliers catered for them with Hebrew newspapers and kosher food. IAN BLACK looks at the "Good Fence" on the northern border in the light of previous attempts to establish neighbourly relations with the Lebanese.

THE GOOD FENCE on the northern border with Lebanon has become an accepted part of the Middle East scene, a small island of cooperation in a sea of hostility. It seems pertinent to glance back some 40 years at an early attempt to establish neighbourly relations between the Yishuv in Palestine and the Lebanese.

The summer of 1936 was a particularly hectic one in the offices of the Political Department of the Jewish Agency in Rehavia and in the offices of the Zionist Executive at 77, Grest Russell Street, London. In the wake of the Arab strike raging — or spluttering, according to the degree of pessimism with which one viewed events — in Palestine, the leaders of the Zionist Movement, Weizmann and Ben-Gurion in particular, were tramping the corridors of the Colonial Office in London, conducting dignified and sometimes stormy interviews with British officials.

The Zionists were attempting to persuade the British not to give in to the terror unleashed by the Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, and his Arab Higher Committee, and to uphold British support for the growth of the Jewish National Home, as embodied in the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate.

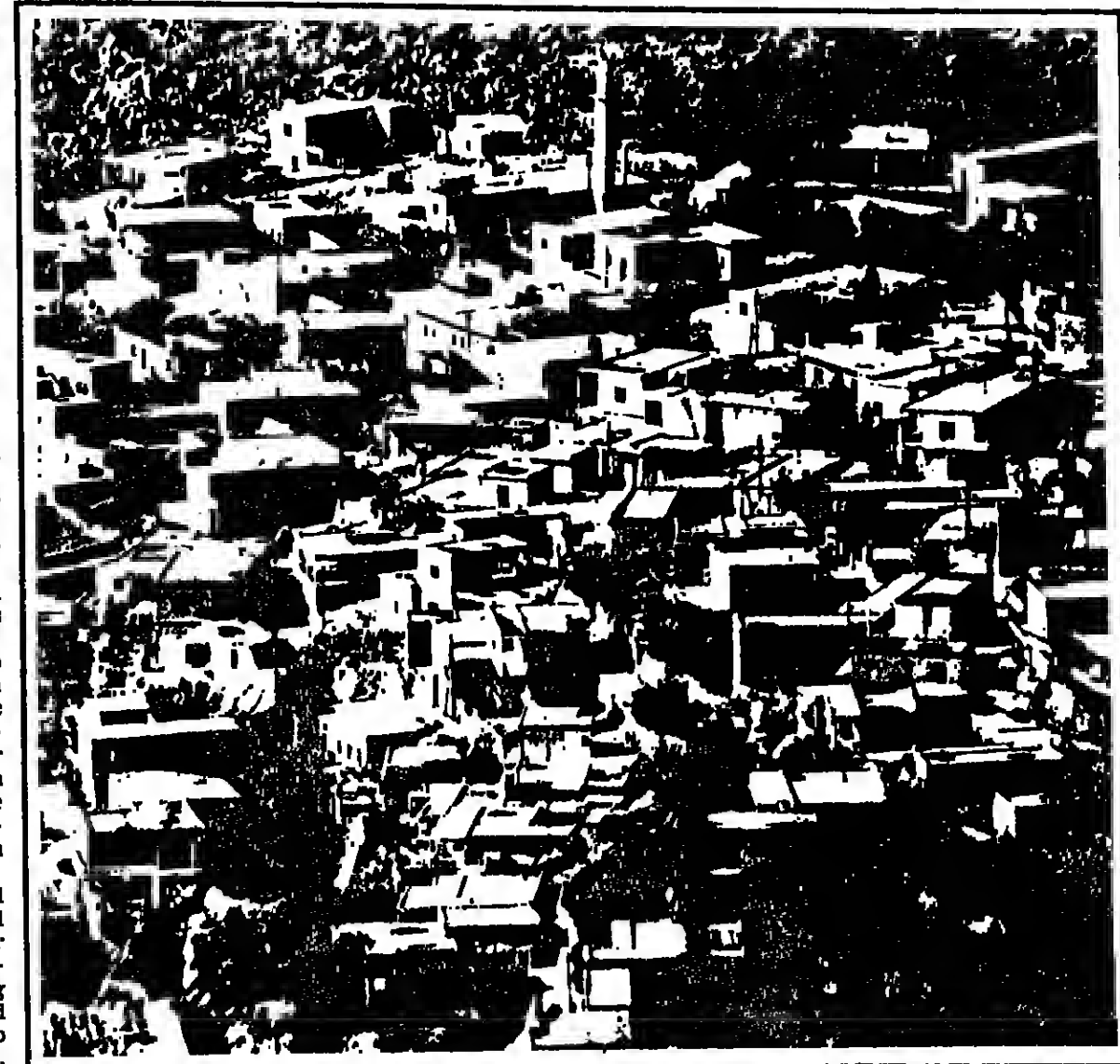
In the course of a long and hard campaign, the Jewish Agency had successfully resisted the plan for the creation of a Legislative Council in Palestine, which, according to democratic principles, would have been dominated by an Arab majority that was, to put it mildly, unlikely to encourage the future development of the Jewish National Home.

International and Middle Eastern events, however, were working against the Zionists. The spirit of appeasement could already be detected in Whitehall. Roosevelt had all but completed his "civilizing mission" in Ethiopia; he also declared himself the "Shield of Islam" and the Mediterranean "an Italian Lake." Dachau was already three years old and the Wehrmacht was on the move.

Despite well-substantiated rumours of German and Italian support for the Pan-Arab movement, Egypt was granted independence in August, 1936, and France was considering relinquishing its Mandate over Syria and Lebanon.

Those with a firmer grasp of Middle Eastern realities than the "Orators of Whitehall" or the "Orators of the ancient Assyrian minority of Iraq, when, in 1932, that hotbed of conflicting tribes, sects, religions and ethnic groups was granted its untimely and imprudent independence.

Within the Zionist movement there was increasing concern about the isolation of the Yishuv in a hostile sea of aggressive Arabism. True, the Emir Abdullah could be counted upon, provided he was kept supplied with his regular subsidy from London and the occasional hand-out from the Jewish Agency, but



his unreliable and decidedly mercenary neutrality was on an unsatisfactory substitute for a friend for the Zionists in the Middle East.

IT WAS IN the north that the Jewish Agency found a friend. The Jews of Palestine were no strangers to Lebanon. Every year, thousands of holidaymakers travelled to its cool mountain resorts, where enterprising Lebanese hoteliers catered for them with Hebrew newspapers and kosher food.

There was considerable trade between the two countries; Lebanon was the only Near Eastern country to send representatives to the famous Levant Fair held in Tel Aviv in May, 1936, and the Hebrew press commented warmly on manifestations of Lebanese friendship for the increasingly isolated Jewish enterprise in Palestine.

The Jews of Palestine saw in the Christians of Lebanon a community with interests similar to their own, interests based largely on a sense of the growing threat of Moslem and Arab aggression and intolerance, and a common need for political and cultural contact with the Western powers on which both communities had traditionally depended for their precarious existence in a hostile environment.

The Lebanese Christians had their diaspora, too. When, in July, 1937, it was proposed that the right to vote for candidates to the

Lebanese Parliament be granted to Lebanese immigrants in North and South America, one Yishuv newspaper commented that if these rights were granted there would be a considerable increase in the number of Christian deputies in the Lebanese Parliament and that therefore the Moslems were opposed to it. "Such a law," the paper noted, "is likely to create an important historic precedent."

As the disturbances in Palestine took their destructive course, contacts began to take place between representatives of the Jewish Agency and the Maronite Christians of Lebanon. In June, 1936, Dov Hoz of the Histadrut met the Maronite Bishop Ignatius Mubarak in Paris, where the latter was protesting to the French government about planned independence for a Moslem dominated Syria. The flamboyant Bishop was not a man to mince words; he told Hoz that force was the only language the Arabs understood.

BUT OF COURSE it was no longer as simple as that. When the British government announced the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the causes of the Palestine disturbances, the Yishuv groaned; another wearisome round of memoranda, complaints, unsympathetic officials, hearings and White Papers that would probably end in recommendations, protests and

further disturbances. To say "it was the moment they'd all been waiting for" — when in July, 1937, the Peel Commission recommended the division of the country into separate Arab and Jewish states — would be to ignore the tremendous barrage of polemics the proposal unleashed. The prospect of Jewish independence was anathema to the realization of a dream; but Eretz Yisrael on both sides of the Jordan had suddenly become more like Eretz Yisrael, a truncated, dwarfed state, and yet, for all that, a Jewish state.

Jewish friendship with the Lebanese Christians took on new meaning. It became an article of faith in the Agency building in Rehavia that the Jewish state, "from the Metulla salient to Ras al Naqura on the coast," border on a friendly Christian Lebanon, as a partial breakwater against the lapping tide of hostility from the East.

Contacts were stepped up; Weizmann saw French Premier Leon Blum in Paris, seeking his approval for a Judeo-Lebanese alliance and the insertion of a "bon-voisinage" clause with Jewish Palestine in the proposed Eretz-Lebanese treaty. Eliahu Epstein (later Elath), who was in charge of relations with the neighbouring countries at the Agency's Political Department, and was personally acquainted with many important Maronite

from his student days in Beirut and his frequent visits to the Lebanon, visited the Maronite Patriarch, Antun 'Arida, and the Lebanese President, Emile Edde.

"The Jews and the Maronites," Edde told Epstein, "were natural partners because of their similar situation, both positively and negatively. Jewish and Lebanese cultures were both superior to that of the Arab neighbours and both were struggling for the same goal — to build a constructive bridge between Eastern and Western culture. They also had a common neighbour in the East with aggressive intentions."

While Weizmann kept up the pressure on Blum, Hoz and Epstein arranged to travel on the same boat as Patriarch 'Arida, going to Rome to see the Pope. Speaking to the Maronite leader in his private cabin on the *Marco Polo*, the two Zionist emissaries asked His Beatitude to make sure the Maronite Community demand a joint border between the Lebanon and the proposed Jewish State.

'Arida, as it turned out, had little to offer the Jewish Agency. He was scared of offending the French and of compromising himself in the Byzantine internal politics of the Maronite community, and although he agreed in principle to the idea of a joint border, he was unwilling to take risks.

It is said that when Weizmann met Edde in Paris, the Lebanese leader hailed him as "The future President of the Jewish State," and Weizmann was greatly moved by this greeting.

IT IS superfluous to add that the country was not partitioned in 1937 and that another terrible decade was to pass before the dream of Jewish independence was realized. There was then no common border, no "bon-voisinage," no "good fences" with the Christians of Lebanon. There did, however, remain a heritage of good-will and cordiality with the neighbours in the north that bore fruit at the end of the turbulent period before the creation of Israel, when, in 1946, the Maronites called for the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine.

On the front page of *Davar* in May, 1937, there was a photograph of the Maronite Patriarch 'Arida, accompanied by the Bishop Mubarak, at a reception held in their honour by the Jewish community of Beirut. The Bishop warmly praised the Jews of Lebanon and of Palestine and lauded their constructive efforts; he was rewarded for his pains with bitter attacks in the Arab press. One Zionist paper felt that the Bishop's speech was "a clear indication that the Lebanese are on the side of the Jews in the present Palestine conflict."

The faded picture caught the large grey beards, the clerical garb, the cautious, respectful eyes and the sense of occasion. Today, 40 years later, Jews and Maronites stand together, in battle-dress, by the good fence they tried to build so long ago.

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הגדה מן האל

Freudian beliefs

RATIONAL-IRRATIONAL MAN, TOTAL PSYCHOLOGY by Avrohom Amsel. New York: Philipp Feldheim. 318 pp. \$9.95.

SIGMUND FREUD AND THE JEWISH MYSTICAL TRADITION by David Bokan. Boston, Beacon Press. 326 pp. \$4.95.

Gerald Fogelman

CONFRONTED by the mysteries and conflicts of his complex, passionate inner world, man turns to psychology and religion to help him understand and make peace with himself and what surrounds him. These two books deal with the relationship of modern psychology, especially Freudian psychoanalysis, to the Jewish religion, the Torah.

The traditional antagonism between the two stems from the interaction of religious opposition to the secular search for truth about man's nature and the in-temperate negation of religion and its experience by the early psychological pioneers. The latter, wishing to explain all human phenomena by the few great truths they discovered about man's emotional make-up, plunged into the revolution against God and tradition that was widespread at the turn of the century.

David, in Psalms, sees God in the beautiful, complex, interrelated world outside of men as much as in his inner world of his highest level. The pioneer attempt to harmonize these two worlds was the classic *Peace of Mind*, by the late Joel Loh Lieberman. These two new works deal more specifically with Freud's "Jewish connection."

Amsel's book, while providing a wealth of material on emotions

and mental health from Talmudic and post-Talmudic sources, is basically a polemic against Freudian psychoanalysis, which the author considers responsible for licence and the lack of moral responsibility characteristic of our age.

Amsel assumes Torah opposition to the primary role of the Freudian unconscious mechanisms, both because of their absence from Jewish tradition and because of the religious stress on man as a creature of free will and reason. His "Torah therapy" consists of arousing reason and self-discipline and a transcendental religious perspective in a suffering soul.

He wrongly accuses Freud of moral anarchy though Freud himself stressed sublimation of man's animal instincts, and desired to free man from his own unconscious so that he could indeed be the rational, idealistic creature described by Amsel.

THE AUTHOR fails to recognize the basic distinction made by Abraham, the son of Malmedee, between matters of morality and religion (handed down through Sinai revelation) and matters of wisdom and science (which are left by the Creator to universal man to discover and utilize through his intellect).

One should no more expect to find Freud's discoveries in the Jewish tradition than to find Newton or Einstein there. Amsel does, however, point out the difference in *Weltanschauung* between the optimistic biblical tradition of man as primarily a transcendent image of God and secondarily an animal, "dust of the earth," and the pessimistic Freudian, Darwinian-based view of man as basically animal with a touch of civilization, the "tip of an iceberg." But despite its defects,



Freud: repression of Jewishness

the book has pioneered a vital new interdisciplinary field, in a much deeper and broader manner than the author's previous work, *Torah and Psychology*.

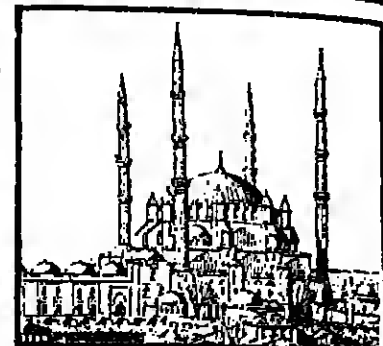
DAVID BAKAN, on the other hand, shows that Freud's psychological mechanisms are rooted in both Talmudic and Kabbalistic sources — for example, the doctrine of bisexuality and the Oedipus complex — and explains the odd repression and distortion of his Jewishness, culminating in *Moses and Monotheism*. (In this new edition, Bakan is able to document Freud's direct Kabbalistic sources for ideas which he previously attributed only to the Hasidic-Frankist atmosphere in Freud's Jewish Vienna.) What emerges is repression and sublimation of the basic sense experiences of God (via nature) and the powerful impact of Jewish tradition on Freud and his followers, which resembles Freud's own description of this process regarding sexuality.

Why Bakan sees harmony between Freud and Torah and Amsel sees conflict may itself be explained by social psychology. Bakan stresses the influence of his beautiful Hasidic grandfather who was a person of great soul and devotion rather than of intellect. Both the Hasidic-Kabbalistic sources and Freud focus mainly on this part of man. Amsel's sources, on the other hand, are mostly of the anti-Hasidic, Musar tradition, which valued intellectuality, abstract thought and discipline more than experience, intensity of feeling and creativity. As a true "Misnagid," he ignores the Zohar and Kabbala. The great irony is that Amsel's primary source, Heshbon Haneefeh, was by Rabbi Menachem Mendel Levin, who, according to the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, patterned it on Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Levin was a fiery leader in the Haskala movement, and he not only attacked Hasidism and Kabbala but also promoted secular works and study — the exact opposite of the beliefs of Amsel and his Aguda-oriented endorsers.

BAKAN points out the almost exclusively Jewish nature of Freud's early group of disciples and enthusiasts and the similarity of the psychoanalytic training process to the passing of Kabbala from the soul of the rebbe to that of the talmid. To this day, a huge percentage of both psychotherapists and patients are Jewish.

It is a pity that this introspective society of therapists has spent so little time investigating this basic fact of its own existence. Perhaps the stimulus of the Jerusalem setting for next week's 20th International Psychoanalytical Congress will stimulate its participants to focus on their own Jewishness and that of the founder of their movement. Unfortunately, nothing specifically Jewish was included in their programme. □

Dr. Fogelman, a graduate of Yeshiva University and of Harvard Law School, teaches interdisciplinary courses in Torah and Psychology.



Islamica

TO BE BOTH readable and fairly accurate about so vast a subject as the life of Mohammed and the history of Islam up to the 19th century must be considered something of a feat. And with varying degrees of success this is what H.M. Balyuzi has done in *Muhammad and the Course of Islam* (Oxford, George Ronald, 487 pp. £8.75).

Balyuzi, a Persian, has been a diplomat, a broadcaster and a traveller. A believing Moslem, he is convinced that Islam still carries a mission, representing it does "God's purpose and guidance for mankind." He believes that the process of Western domination over Islam is already being reversed. "Of course," he writes at the end of his splogue, "Europe still exists. But the 'mighty Continent' which once dominated the world is no more."

Hamilton Gibb's "Modern Trends in Islam" was first published in 1947 and is now, rightly, considered a classic. Delivered at the University of Chicago in the 1945 Haskell Lectures in Comparative Religion, the work has now appeared in a scholarly Hebrew translation (Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 192pp.). Megamot Hadehavi Be-Islam is one in a new series, University Books, launched by the publishers recently with an eye to the fast-growing student population. Gibb's work is careful, objective, and above all unpretentious. He admits that the printed material available to him at the time was scant and unsatisfactory, and speaks of the dangers and errors implicit in the attempt to generalize on the basis of a limited experience. Nevertheless, he managed to produce an invaluable volume, which is now available to the Israeli student in a meticulous translation by Michael Schwartz.

A second edition of *The Legacy of Islam* (Oxford University Press, 530 pp. Illustrations, £8) was brought out late in 1974, but it is not too late to bring this to the attention of the interested general reader. The late Joseph Schacht, who almost finished the job of editing before his death in 1969, was a great scholar and Orientalist specializing in Islamic law. Upon his death, the task was entrusted to C. Bosworth. Like the first edition, published in 1953, this entirely new volume covers the side range of Islam and Islamic civilization and culture, stressing the points of contact with European culture and civilization of Europe. The opening paper, by Maxime Rodinson, deals with the Western Islamic studies. The eminent Italian Arabist F. Gabrieli discusses "Islam in the Mediterranean World," and there are papers on economic development, art and architecture, literature, science, philosophy and law. Professor Bernard Lewis's contribution, "Politics and War," runs to over 60 pages and is especially recommended. □ H.B.

Adlerian acts

BRIGHT STAR OF EXILE, Jacob Adler and the Yiddish Theatre by Lulla Rosenfeld, with introduction by Harold Clurman. New York: Crowell. 368 pp. \$12.95.

GILGULIM (Metamorphoses) by Shimon Finkel. Tel Aviv, Eked. 268 pp. No price stated.

Mendel Kohansky

EVERYTHING ABOUT Jacob Adler was larger than life. His physical appearance, his talent, his manner of living, the adulation he inspired. When he died in 1926, at the age of 71, half a million New Yorkers poured into the streets. Church bells pealed as the body lay in state. Mounted police held back sobbing, lamenting crowds. Not the least of Adler's accomplishments was the family he begot. Not counting the illegitimate children (reputedly they were legion), his is the largest and most talented theatrical clan ever to brighten America's Yiddish — and English — stages. Daughter Stella made her debut as a child about 70 years ago, and is now a world-famous netting teacher; son Luther, one year younger, most recently was a memorable Tevye in Broadway's *Fiddler on the Roof*.

A third-generation member of the tribe, Lulla Rosenfeld, naturally an actress as well as a writer, has produced what can be considered the "definitive" biography of the "Great Eagle," as he was called. Her chief source was Adler's autobiography, of which only bits and pieces had been published previously. She has been able to recount the actor's life and career in minute detail. Most of it is entertaining and informative; some creates clutter.

BRIGHT STAR OF EXILE is an affectionate, very readable biography of a man the author remembers as a doting grandfather, a great man no longer in his prime, surrounded by an adoring family and a legion of admirers. All this adulation does not prevent her from presenting the man's monumental weaknesses; his essentially egotistic, childish nature.

A man of immense vitality, Adler could never restrict himself to loving one woman at a time. Thus he once found himself in a situation where both his wife and his 18-year-old mistress were pregnant. When his wife died in childbirth, he married a third woman, who had threatened to throw herself off a cliff. His mistress showed up just before the lavish wedding feast, the baby in



Jacob Adler in old age.

her arms — a scene which could have been taken from one of the melodramas in which he performed.

Jacob Adler was born in 1855 in Odessa, received no schooling outside of the traditional *heder*, and started out life inauspiciously as a member of a gang of *poiss youngens*, street rowdies. But he soon fell in with the fledgling Yiddish theatre. From Russia the road led to England where he made a name for himself, and from there to the *goldene medine*, to New York, fame and fortune. From cheap melodrama he advanced to Tolstoy, Ibsen, Shakespeare, his fame spreading beyond the Lower East Side.

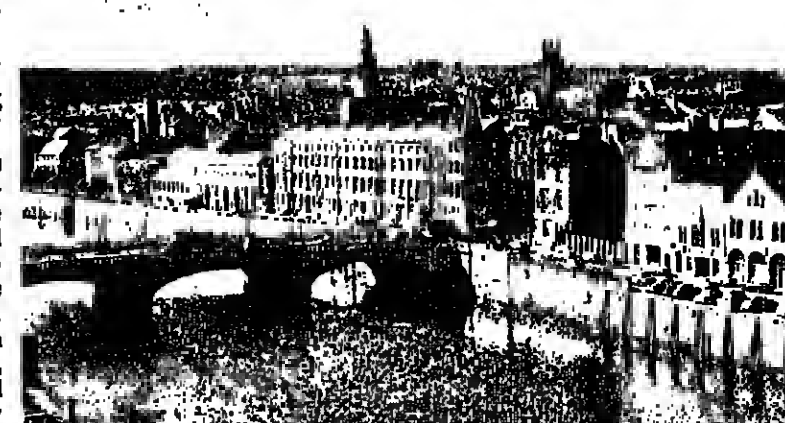
He was such a success as Shylock that a producer asked him to play the part on Broadway.

Adler, who had never mastered the English language, spoke the part in Yiddish. New York critics were lavish in their praise, comparing him to Irving, Salvini, and Coquelin.

His art also brought him considerable material rewards. At the peak of his career he lived in a four-story house in one of New York's most fashionable neighbourhoods and rode in a carriage with matched horses and liveried servants. Even those who did not know who he was would stop and look at the imposing figure with the white hair, a demigod designed to mingle with mere mortals.

VETERAN Habimah actor Shimon Finkel now has come up with his fourth book in seven years, a collection of odds and ends, occasional pleases, pages from a diary, a play, letters from famous persons. None of it is of any literary or documentary value; some is embarrassing in its self-praising, self-serving character and petty vindictiveness. Almost half a century after Alexander Granovsky directed at Habimah the play *Uriel Acosta*, Finkel cannot forgive the long-dead director who awarded the juicy title part to another actor. He goes on page after page denigrating the show and the director, one of the most brilliant men of the theatre of his time. As for the actor who undeservedly got the part, Finkel reserves for him the ultimate revenge: he never mentions his name. It was the late Ari Varshaver. □

Enchanted isle



This city of Cork: a relief and a pleasure to contemplate.

CORK AND KERRY by Sean Jennett. London, Bataford. 176 pp. end 28 photographs. £4.30.

OUR LIKE WILL NOT BE THERE AGAIN: Notes from the West of Ireland by Lawrence Millman. Boston, Little, Brown. 200 pp. \$7.95.

Alex Berlyne

coniences with which the Irish government is endeavouring to satisfy a long-felt want and which they would be more successful in satisfying if they didn't lock the damn things up.

His anger is also apparent when he refers to the terrible series of offshoots which serve the Irish in lieu of a history. Not far from Skibbereen is Clonakilly, a beautiful little town, still referred to as "Clonakilly God Help Us!" in memory of the suffering endured during the potato famine

(which particularly affected the western counties) during the 1840s. "The present small population of the country and even the low birthrate may all be traced back to the trauma of the great famine," Mr. Jennett points out.

The Ring of Kerry, the Lakes of Killarney and Blarney Castle are justly world-famous; but Mr. Jennett recommends a visit to the more remote Loch Derreenadevodie or Loch Ekenohoolakeagan "if only for their names." (We ourselves went tearing off the Ballybunion, simply because we fancied the name, glimpsed on a signpost.)

West of Dingle is an austere country, full of marvellous land- and seascapes — it was here that the film *Ryan's Daughter* was made — and the strong breath of the Atlantic brings in frequent showers.

"'Tis a soft day, prelate God," the boozemans say, "soft" being an Irish idiom derived from the Gaelic and meaning "wet."

MR. JENNETT is particularly good on people and, typically, he can hardly finish describing the subtropical beauties of Parkinsville without being distracted into recollecting a famous humanist-priest immortalized in Alfred Perceval Graves' poem as Father O'Flynn:

"Of priests we can offer a charming variety. Far renowned for larnin' and piety; Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety Father O'Flynn as the pride of them all."

He cannot take his leave of Youghal without telling the story of the unforgettable old Countess of Desmond who died in 1604 at the age of 147. She died, "not of senility as you might suppose, but of falling from a cherry-tree into which she had climbed to collect the fruit."

THE MEDIA EVAL Book of Limerick lists the subjects for story-telling in the Irish tradition: "Destructions, and Cattle-Raids, and Courships, and Battles, and Caves, and Voyages, and Violent Deaths, and Feasts, and Slogos, and Adventures, and Elopements, and Slaughters."

Lawrence Millman, an American writer, journeyed around the *Goeltacht*, the Gaelic-speaking regions of Ireland, "the last place on earth where conversation is not dead," recording the last of the *shanachies* and translating their wonderful stories into English, to produce one of the most enjoyable books I've read in a lifetime.

Mind you, the ordinary language of the farmers and tinkers he met is delightful enough.

"'Tis an odious fine day," one *shanachie* told him while feeding a sick heifer, and he overheard a tinker eulogizing a dead travelling companion. "But he was a fine lad for a man, anyway. An' he idled

what time he was given, rest good on people and, typically, he can hardly finish describing the subtropical beauties of Parkinsville without being distracted into recollecting a famous humanist-priest immortalized in Alfred Perceval Graves' poem as Father O'Flynn:

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"MORE YEARS AGO than I can tell you or you can tell me, when the roads of Ireland were paved with penny loaves and the streets of Dingle were paved with gold blocks, there were some fishermen once who set out in a boat, a very big boat, a tall-masted boat..."

Or "There was once upon a time an' a very good time it was, 'twas nayther in yer time nor me own time, but it was somebody's time, when there was an old man and an old woman, an' this old man an' this old woman was teachin' witchery and scholarship by the 'laves of the trees..."

MICHAEL JACK BURKE, a storyteller of Irish birth, has the actual tongue of Paddy John Halloran, one of the island's most famous *shanachies*, which he keeps in an empty Three Nuns tobacco tin. It is Michael Jack's inheritance from his father, who clipped it from the dead man's mouth during his wake and kept it for its asymptomatic magic.

"A lovely little thing," says Michael Jack. "I wouldn't part with it for the new one million pound Univa computer they've just given to the Connemara *Goeltacht*." □

Broken blossom

SYLVIA PLATH: Letters Home selected and edited with a commentary by Aurelia Schober Plath. New York, Bantam. 302 pp., including illustrations and selected poems. \$2.50 (paperback).

Evelyn Strouse

afflicted to cancel all the successes. When she was twenty she made her first attempt at suicide, apparently because her application to join a summer writing workshop had been turned down. She disappeared, and was discovered three days later in the basement of her house, unconscious, a half-empty bottle of sleeping pills by her side. A week or so earlier she had slashed her wrist "to see if I had the nerve" and above all battling flu and high fever in this record-breaking cold of that London winter in a newly rented, half-furnished flat that would have been daunting in more temperate weather. And yet Alvarez manages to convey the impression that she killed herself by misadventure — like a child who threatens to run away and, having can't find her way home. Nearly as marked in her as "the urge to climb" was the impulse to despair; any failure, self-doubt, or presumption of second-rateness

tion, but notes that when Sylvia was told about her father she said, "I'll never speak to God again." Mrs. Plath also remarks, almost as an aside, upon Sylvia's tendency to "magnify a situation out of all proportion," but displays a disturbing lack of interest in her daughter's psychological well-being. The abundance and the tone of the letters published here testify to a close, sometimes unbearably loving relationship, and one would suppose that the mother would be as alive to the daughter's mercurial moods as is the reader.

Mrs. Plath has written a long biographical cum - autobiographical foreword, and her pride not only in her daughter's achievement but in her own — a widow who has brought two children to successful maturity — is understandable. Less comprehensible is her assumption that Sylvia enjoyed mental health and her seeming objectivity about the dissolution of her daughter's marriage. The glitter of Sylvia's panic after Ted Hughes has deserted her blinds the casual reader; how it could have failed to send her mother flying across the Atlantic to her staggered belief.

Even though she appears to be settling down and working out a viable future for herself and her two small children, even though she orders her mother not to come (a command that contains its opposite), her hectic, restless concern with money and appearance and fame, her unwonted boastfulness — all combine, like the mood music in a movie, to presage tragedy.

Victorian delights

A LONDON CHILD OF THE 1870s by M.V. Hughes. Oxford University Press. 141 pp. 95p.

WHAT A SWEET book this is — how good that it has been reissued as a paperback for a wider public. One can only hope that the other two parts of the trilogy *A London Family 1870 to 1900* also will be reissued.

Mary Vivian Hughes, whose mother was Cornish and who spent holidays on a Cornish farm, writes in her foreword, "We were just an ordinary, suburban, Victorian family, undistinguished ourselves and unacquainted with distinguished people."

She grew up with four older brothers, in a time when children made their own amusements. They had parents who knew how to let their high spirits run free. Difficulties didn't seem to dampen the lives of the children; more comfortable days meant added pleasures.

Then the father was killed in a street accident.

The last sentence, about the mother, lingers: "I think she almost hoped that the past was her to life, and so do her letters. Only a nightmare, and that she would surely see my father coming up the garden path with his springy step, and would hear his familiar knock." □ Dora Souden

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End of the Raj

THE GOLDEN HONEYCOMB by
Komal Markandaya. London,
Chatto & Windus. 488 pp. £4.95.

Aviva Even-Paz

WHETHER THEY meant to or
not, the British left behind a
remarkable bonus of good and
even great novellists after the end
of Empire. Gordimer, Lessing,
Patrick White, V.S. Naipaul,
Pravraj Jhabvala — this is only
part of the list.

Perhaps because they live so far
from the Mother Country, their
use of language and of the novel
form seems less self-conscious,
more confident, uninhibited and
filled with a sense of life as it is
lived, than that of English
novellists (I offer this idea to
anyone looking for a subject for
their next thesis). Nervous dis-
cussions about the death of the
novel seem irrelevant when con-
sidering their work. But this also
says something about the power of
the British literary tradition. For
instance, Pravraj Jhabvala has
been called the Indian Jane
Austen and it is not difficult to see
why.

Markandaya is quite a different
kind of novelist whose writing
resembles the solid works of
Trollope, George Eliot and
Thackeray. She takes a pan-

oramic view, including a mul-
tiplicity of characters from all
kinds of backgrounds, with the
landscape and architecture of In-
dia almost being a character
itself. *The Golden Honeycomb* is
set during the decline of the
British Raj and told from the In-
dian standpoint. The hero is Rabi
(after Rabindranath Tagore), il-
legitimate son of the Maharajah
of Devapur, an imaginary Indian
state. Rabi embodies the conflicts
building up in the subcontinent
leading to the departure of the
British and the eclipse of the In-
dian princes. A child of his time,

more intelligent and perceptive
than his father who cannot or will
not see that he is only a British
puppet, Rabi does not find it all
that easy to throw in his lot with
the Indian poor until, buoyed up
by his love for a Brahmin girl with
militantly nationalist leanings, he
chooses India and resists the
temptation to which his father
had succumbed of becoming a
pseudo-Englishman.

IN CONTRAST to Narayan and
Jhabvala, both masters of the
throwaway line that reveals a
character, Markandaya builds up
her people and plot step by step as
if she were weaving one of those
intricate Indian carpets, taking in
on the way the perplexities of the
British Resident and his wife who
sense only dimly the source of
their confusion as well as the
plight of the Indian masses who
are bred white to support the
British Raj and the opulence of
the princes.

Most English writers, with the
possible exception of Forster,
even when writing with sympathy
and imagination (or a guilty con-
science) about India still speak
from the standpoint of the
masters. Markandaya's irony and
her rueful humour bring home the
effect of Empire on both English
and Indians — its distorting in-
fluence not only on individuals but
on their relationships with each
other; all are poisoned by the
situation. One can only admire
her amazing detachment and lack
of self-pity — virtues that seem
common to all the best Indian
writers. □

Full fathom five

THE DEEP by Peter Benchley.
London, Pan Books, 281 pp., 75p.

Lynn Sharon

TRUE TO ITS genre, *The
Deep* has its ration of sharks,
barracudas and sharp-tooth
moray eels which appear to be
bent on making mincemeat of the
book's Walter Mittyish hero,
David Sanders. But compared
with Benchley's grisly bestseller,
Jaws, it is a lacklustre produc-

tion. In this deep-sea adventure
story, the hero is a captain writer
for "National Geographic
Magazine." He comes to the con-
clusion that abbreviating other
people's adventures will never get
him into the jungles where he can
bivouac with wild apes or the
swamps where he can engage in
hand-to-mouth combat with
crocodiles, or permit him to fulfil
his lifelong dream of diving for
wrecks with Jacques Yves
Cousteau.

Fettered by frustration,
Sanders chucks his career and its
vicarious thrills, his dull un-
imaginative wife and their two
equally dull kids, for a swinging
younger fox who is ready to join
him in some real-life adventure.
The newlyweds head for Bermuda
for a scuba-diving honeymoon. As
luck would have it, Sanders gets
bitten by a fish his first day down
in the deep. Bleeding but un-
daunted, he manages to dodge an
indifferent barracuda and to sum-
ble over a shipwreck.

Among the footsies and jetsam
he finds an ampuled filled with a
mysterious liquid.

UNABLE TO contain their
curiosity, the honeymooners ex-
amine the ampuled's contents over
dinner, unaware that they are be-
ing observed by Blake, their shifty
waiter. It doesn't take too much
imagination to recognize that evil
lurks in the water below and in the
water above.

The couple is summarily kid-

napped and brought before the
cunning voodoo-practising In-
dian revolutionary, Henri Cloche.
In panting pursuit of the amber
liquid (morphine) sloshing about
in their ampuled, Cloche has
them stripped down to their birth-
day suits. Failing to find it, he
threatens them with all sorts of
unappetizing mischief if they
don't agree to accept one million
dollars in return for bringing to
the surface the thousands of am-
puleds he insists are buried in the
wreck.

Bursting with martyrdom the
honeymooners, aided by a sullen
St. Davidian lighthouse keeper
who hates Cloche just as much as
more than he hates the Bermuda
authorities, determine to prevent
the evil Cloche from getting his
greedy claws on the drugs.

Somehow, along with the am-
puleds of morphine, opium and
adrenalin, the fumbling, tumbling
Sanders also manages to tripover
some sunken Spanish treasure.
Voodoo, barracudas and sharks,
sunken treasure and drugs make
for a few thrills and chills, but
with it all *The Deep* isn't
very profound. □

New in paperback

THE END OF A MISSION by
Heinrich Böll (Penguin Books,
IL28.90). This is one of Nobel Prize
winner Böll's funniest, most
biting attacks on the methods
modern society uses to equel in-
dividualism. In this instance
through income tax absurdities.

A master carpenter and his son,
on trial in a German town for
publicly burning an army jeep in
protest against government
bureaucracy, embarrass the
prosecution by coolly admitting

guilt. In a wonderful courtroom
scene, a tax expert just as coolly
dismisses tax morality and
defends the financial legislation
that wiped out the carpenter's
savings and property, and forced
him to work underground. Ex-
cellent translation by Leila
Vennewitz, who deserves a prize
of her own.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MONA
LISA by Pierre La Mure (Fon-
tana, IL28.90). The author of
Moulin Rouge has written an in-
triguing story about the
mysterious Mona Lisa Gioconda,
née de Gherardini, whose por-
trait a Medici (who had an affair
with her) commissioned Leonar-
do da Vinci to paint in 1503. It is a
highly readable account of daily

life in Renaissance Florence and
an unusual analysis of da Vinci
teething with engineering and
painting ideas he never had the
patience to see through.

THE AUCTIONEER by Joan
Samson (Avon, IL28.90). This
rather terrifying story presents
the disintegration of a small New
England village as it unwittingly
gives in to the power of an am-
bitious stranger who plays on
fear, greed and apathy to buy out
people's possessions and land for
his own use. How he does this is a
lesson in morality. A violent and
brutal realization of their own guilt
and delusions. Book-of-the-Month
selection, well written, compell-
ing. □

Jenny Tarsch

Jewish costume of a lost world

Meir Ronnen

A FEW rare and priceless re-
mnants of 19th-century Polish-
Jewish women's costumes went
on display in the Jewish ethnology
section of the Israel Museum this
week.

No original costume of an Enet
European Jewish woman has been
preserved in any museum; the
last three specimens displayed in
the Vilno and Lanskoy collections
disappeared in the Holocaust.
Some descriptions survived,
however. And Dr. Gizo Frankel,
of the Haifa Ethnological
Museum, succeeded in tracing,
some years ago, photographs in
Polish and Russian Museums
which fitted the descriptions. In
this way, a few remnants were
properly identified, sometimes
with the help of *babbas* who
remembered their grandmothers
wearing them, or who recalled
Yiddish phrases and aphorisms in
which the parts of these costumes
figured. (Some of these phrases
top up in the works of Sholom
Aleichem.)

Dr. Frankel was in Jerusalem
last week to present her paper on
the subject to the Seventh World
Congress of Jewish Studies; and
the show at the Israel Museum is a
part of her presentation.

There are three types of ram-
ment on display: the *kupke* or
close-fitting bonnet, quite in-
tricately and often brightly
decorated, and seemingly derived
from a Dutch model; the *stern-
hute* or *sternhutl*, which began
as a binding around the forehead,
with pearls along the looped
edges, until it was reversed into a
sort of tiara; as worn by Christian
girls it later developed into a
pearl diadem worn on the head
of married Jewish women;

and the *brusthutl*, a frontpiece
covering the uncloable
neckline or corset. The
latter, designed for modesty, was
fitted at the throat and tucked into
the apron. (The apron was the
most identifiable element in
Jewish dress, though no example
survives.)

The pieces on show are
evidence that Jewish costume in
East Europe has, for the last 150
years, assumed a national-
religious role unconnected with its

original function. The modest
brusthutl degenerated into a
19th-century decoration worn over
a closed costume and it indicated
nothing more than the wearer's
degree of *yiddishkeit*. For any
devotion in the combination of
elements in dress was considered
a breach of tradition, a step to
assimilation, or even sacrilege. A
similar attitude to dress persists
in Mea Shearim and Bnei Brak to
this day.

The pearl diadem has dis-
appeared from use but the
married ladies of Mea Shearim
still wear a decorative bow in its
place. Touching stories survive of
how young 19th-century brides,
too poor to afford a diadem, would
be given a pearl from each of the
diadems of their friends and
relatives.

KOCHI DOKTORI graduated
from Tel Aviv's Avni Institute in
1968 and from the Brooklyn
Museum Art School in 1972; since
then he has been working and ex-
hibiting in New York. His first
show here is an elegant bore. All
the numerous works are the same
size and of the same basic format
and technique, though there are
perceptible (I nearly said subtle)
differences between them, apart
from moderate changes of colour
(each is drawn in monochrome).

Doktori's thing is to rule up a
grid on a square and then fill in
the background with thousands of
overlapping freehand circles, leav-
ing tiny flecks of white. The

MONTARIER, a Swiss artist who
settled here nearly seven years
ago and who contributes
philosophical line drawings to
Ma'ariv, is holding his best show
ever at his favourite venue,
Jerusalem's Nora Gallery. His
paintings defy — or simply ignore
— the usual conventions, com-
bining cartoon figures with
abstract forms, and perspective
with flat geometrical design. The
atmosphere is playful, the
philosophical intention serious.
The colour range is often in-
teresting, as in "Temple of the
Sun" (6). Montarier has preserved
a close affinity with the spirit of
Klee (Till Sept. 5). □

Danish poetry

Gil Goldfine

LIKE A poet writing verse,
the Danesh oriat PIA
SCHUTZMANN creates a
mytical atmosphere by render-
ing only the essential
characteristics of her subjects.
Working directly from life there
emerges, nevertheless, a reduc-
tive scene in which lines and
shapes behave like rhythmic
words and phrases, assembled
with precision into spiritedly lit,
dramatic compositions.

The black and white drawings,
lithographs and etchings are fine
examples of controlled
draughtsmanship coupled with an
enormous sensitivity for creating
a sombre, often tense and lonely
mood. Interiors, table tops and
architectural structures are her
forte, and, in each, one gets the
feeling that a person was present
there a second ago — to water the
plant or return something to its
place — but has since vanished,
like a whisper, behind a door or
into the dark ebony shadows. It is
this ghostly quality that sets
Schutzmann's work apart from
that of the many "draughtsmen"
which constantly passes through
our galleries.

Born and educated in
Copenhagen, Schutzmann brings

with her the regional affinity for
light and order and their influen-
tial control of the picture plane.
Whether her scenes propose the
overall dark theatrics of an Ibsen
play, the startling frames from an
early Bergman film, or the soft
veils of dappled sunlight
speckling a quiet vignette à la
Vermeer, she brings them off
with aesthetic appeal and
technical excellence.

A touch of angular counterpoint
in a Spartan sketch of a chair,
window, and cast white shadow
makes for contemplative view-
ing, as does a second drawing, in
which large chunks of objects,
mostly elegantly turned Victorian
furnishings, vanish into the oily
voids of paper and design.

Mention should be made of
Schutzmann's lithographic
process, a technique whereby she
casts the smooth stone with a
basic ground and then scratches
negative strokes into the dark
layer, in this way achieving
velvety and sensual black shapes
balanced by the flutter of tiny
etched strokes.

Especially fond of Morandi and
Bonnard, she nevertheless ad-
mits to a preference for graphic
media. When asked why, she shy-
ly says: "With drawing you can't
make lies." (Delson Richter
Galleries, Simat Mazal Arie 24,
Old Jaffa). □

IN HAIFA

DAVID BAUMAN does strong, ex-
trovert (life is good in most of his por-
traits) oils of considerable promise,
though they still need licking into
shape. Absolute clarity occurs only in
the Enet-influenced smooth red
items, e.g. "The Wedding" and "Blood
Oranges"; elsewhere impasto or in-
sufficient detachment compels the viewer
to stand well back. Compare the relaxed
mother and child of (10) with the
overwhelming black nude of (9). The
letter problem is deftly avoided in "On
the Riviera" by countering the
foreground face with the sand
stretching back; and in "The Sea" by
melting the main subject within the
concave band of the recumbent man's
legs and body. (Belt Rehovchid,
Haifa). □

Montarier: "Instability"
(Nora Gallery, Jerusalem).

הכזא מן האל

HISTORY, to use a cliché, repeats itself, often in the strangest manner. What took place in Scotland 900 years ago — a prolonged war of unspcakable brutality and treachery to unite warring clans under one king, the events of which inspired Shakespeare's *Macbeth* — repeated itself only about a century and a half ago in Africa. A mighty Zulu warrior named Shaka seized power, established an empire stretching over nearly all of Zululand and Natal, and eventually was assassinated, a isolated victim of his own treachery and brutality.

Inspired by the similarity of the events, the South African writer Welton Msoni re-wrote *Macbeth* in terms of his own country. *Umabutha*, described as a "Zulu drama on the theme of *Macbeth*," is now being performed as part of the Israel Festival, by a visiting South African company. It is a most unusual experience.

Msoni's drama follows the plot of the original tragedy in every detail. To eliminate all doubt, the names of the characters have a familiar ring. Thus, in addition to the hero who is named Mabatha, we have Bongone (Banquo), Dangan (Duncan), Mafudu (MacDuff), the brothers Makiwane (Malcolm) and

Black Macbeth



THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

Donabnn (Donalbain), and so down the blood-soaked line. The three witches are, of course,

witchdoctors, Sangomas in Zulu. Unlike the original, *Umabutha* has very little dialogue, which is good considering that the show was built chiefly for export and Zulu is not one of the world's most popular languages. The accent is an action, mainly on dancing or move-

ment which comes close to dancing, and aa chants. And, unlike another show of the same ethnic origin which we lately saw here — I refer, of course, to the highly successful *Ipi Tumbi*, which bore the unmistakable stamp of West End and Broadway "show business" influence — *Umabutha* gives the impression of honesty and authenticity. No attempt was made to cater to the tastes of non-Zulu audiences, to impress them with exotism and "folklore."

IT IS an extremely loud show. The chanting, the ululations, and the shouts can be taxing on the ears, even the ears of an Israeli spectator accustomed to high-decibel shows. There is no instrumental music except drums and the rhythms beaten out by the feet of performers, or by the shields banged in unison against the floor. Only seldom does the chanting come close to what our Western ears would call melody.

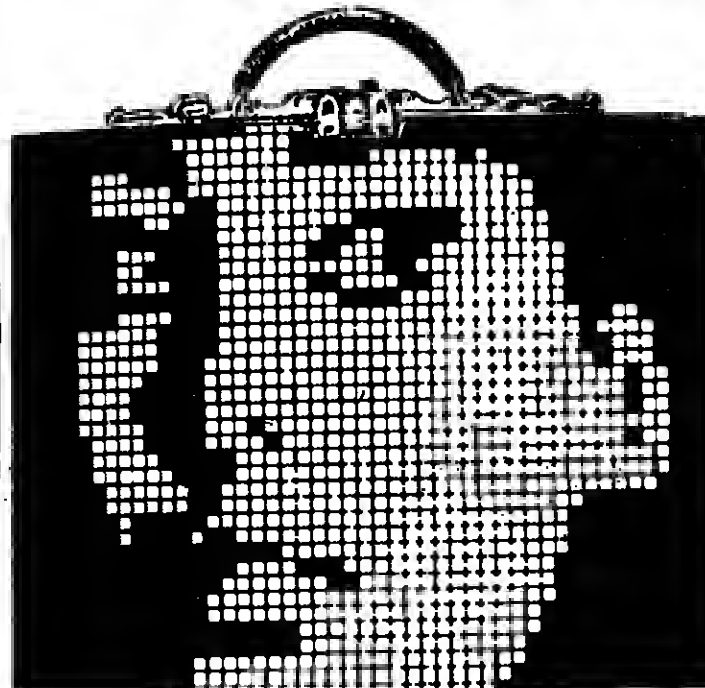
Umabutha is a brutal show, reflecting the brutality of the story it tells. The war dances, which dominate the proceedings, are full of raw power; the shouting, stamping men are clearly thirsty for the enemy's blood. In the battle scenes, each blow of sword against shield packs such power that it seems a miracle the men come out unhurt. I never saw

such realistic battle scenes on the stage. Yet there is no gratuitous cruelty on the show. The murders either take place off stage or are accomplished by a single blow.

MUCH OF THE show's fascination derives from the ritualistic element, which on occasion rises to high drama. There is that scene of mourning for Dangan, when the warriors bring in on their shoulders the body of the murdered chief, stamp out a savage war dance and chant dirges. The solemn rhythms are broken by the high-pitched ululating of the women, as the body lies in state before being carried out for burial. It is a scene full of dark power, communicating itself directly to the audience.

The mass scenes are so overwhelming as to pale scenes in which only one or two performers appear. This is not helped by the fact that the show is performed on the huge, bare stage of the Mann Auditorium. Not that the acting does not have an interesting character of its own: when Mabatha-Macbeth sees the dagger in his hand, when he wife tries to wash the blood off her hands, the acting is accompanied by much gesturing, which owes more to Zulu ritual than Stanislavsky. This too helps make *Umabutha* a notable experience.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK



Helga Dudman

THE SUITCASE was still trembling when we got it to the hotel. During the ride in from the airport it had been much more agitated, and earlier still, it had been positively hysterical. And who can blame it?

"Look," said the suitcase, as its tourist laid it gently on the bed, reassuringly patting its soft plaid side. "Look, you know how long I've been dreaming of this trip to Israel. My very first..." Here it muffled a sob, and then fairly screamed, "To be raped on my first night in the Holy Land!"

The tourist was meanwhile jiggling a little key in the lock, but nothing happened. "It's a little late for that," said the suitcase harshly. At that moment the zipper slid open by itself. But not very far, because a little frill of cheap plastic fluff was caught in the teeth.

The tourist painfully pushed the zipper through more of these plastic clots, saying that this wasn't at all how it had been packed. The suitcase went on with its heartrending tale.

"How excited all of us were, down in that Jumbo belly, when we finally heard things go Thump, Boom, Bump! Yes, we had landed! Strong, warm hands took hold of us, and even the most veteran among us were, well, moved. Next to me was a gorgeous mature brown cowhide two-suit who'd told me this was his ninth trip and I could see how emotional he was... Quoh!"

The tourist had worked the zipper most of the way around, plucking plastic fluff, the chewed pieces from mangled plastic bags, and revealing a scene of chaos and mayhem in the suitcase.

"Mister Skelter, what?" said the suitcase, trying to be as usual and sophisticated. But its side pockets had been brutally torn; a gift package of cologne, its carton cruelly ripped, was standing nude in a clump of underwear; and everything was in disarray, a far cry from the initial pedantic packing.

SIMILO, said the tourist, what's that? He held up a blue manleure set. I don't own a manleure set, he said. What we have now is Tourism. A

said. What's it doing here? "What do you expect?" asked the suitcase warily. "Efficient inventory control during rape?" And its poor little side began to heave again. But it pulled itself bravely together and tried to describe the scene of degradation. For somewhere between the time they were removed from the great covanous baggage hold of the plane, and the time they arrived at the merry-go-round where anybody can take any piece of luggage — somewhere, the harried event occurred.

"If only I could have spoken to somebody than," it mumbled. "But there was nobody, nobody. Only this awful dark brutality. And a long, dark passage. I think. And anarls in a language nobody on earth could understand. And then to have this strange manleure set thrust into me. But even worse things happened, I'm positive. Others among us had translator ripped from underneath make-up cases, jewellery torn from out of Kleenex boxes."

"Then there was lots of heavy breathing. And mysterious jogging motions. Don't ask me what. And you wonder why things got pushed back into the wrong bags! You should be glad you have your own socke back."

Keys? A joke. "Ask any suitcase," said the suitcase. "You might as well put them on a kid's charm bracelet. Sophisticated craftsmen can open us with a pin. Or an easily assembled collection of keys. But on us they used force. Without the slightest little ward of love, however hypocritical." And it started to cry again.

The tourist, I thought, was being awfully cool about all this. I would have been enraged, probably snubbing into the suitcase, matching anguish for anguish. But we were dealing here with a very cynical, which is to say realistic, voyager. He expected nothing else these days. You must not forget, he said, that what we have now is not what was once called Travel. What we have now is Tourism. A

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WHEN DOES a person sleep best?

The answer, according to scientific research, is up to 5.25 in the morning. Till then the man-in-the-street is in bed and sound asleep; but at 5.25 he wakes up screaming to the sounds of an earthquake. If he listens carefully, however, he hears that the noise is actually a mixture of several things, such as a surprise air raid, a buffalo stampede, a roll of thunder, the rumble of a dozen tanks, and, above it all, the roar of a wounded Tarzan rushing to the aid of his son.

At 5.25 in the morning. Every sleeper reacts in his own way. Some bury themselves full fathom five under their pillows and pray softly. Others leap out of bed and start pacing the room. I myself attack the little woman and wrestle with her till she manages to turn on the light and persuade me that I'm not having a nightmare.

It all lasts only about 90 seconds. Then a booming male voice emits something that sounds like "hoo-hoo!" — and the nightmare moves off down the street. "It beats me how a few people can manage to make so much noise," my neighbour Felix Selig told me from his open window one morning at 5.25. "It really does."

We looked down at the small but tightly-knit crew below, made up of the driver of the garbage truck, and a fellow towering on top of the heap, and two more dragging the bins out of our courtyard. Only four sanitation workers galing about their business, you'd say, but their noise technique is extremely sophisticated, and worked out to the last detail. The man at the wheel drives exclusively in top gear, the bins are dragged rattat-tat over the paving stones of the courtyard, and the draggers themselves argue so loudly and furiously that you feel they'll soon drop everything — bang! — and be at each other's throats.

But no, when you listen closely you realize they're just having a friendly chat, even if by some unwritten rule of the game nobody can start talking before the two bin-draggers are well inside our courtyard, at about 30 paces from the truck. Only then may they

For whom the bins bang



Ephraim Kishon

turn and bellow at the driver. "YOHOO!" they go. "WHAT DID YOU DO LAST NIGHT, HA?"

The driver sticks his head out and trumpets into the rosy dawn. "YOHOO! WE STAYED HOME AND WATCHED TELEVISION, WE DID. HOW 'BOUT YOU?"

"GRABBED A BANG-BANG MOVIE, WE DID! LOTSA ACTION! HOT STUFF THAT MOVIE WAS!"

Those of our neighbours whose windows face the backyard claim that the two draggers occasional-

ly talk shop over the bin between them:

"BRRR!" one of them roars from half-a-yard away at his colleague, "WEIGHS A BLOODY TON TODAY, THIS BIN DOES, HA?"

"YOU BET, HABIB! THEY EATS GOOD ON THIS STREET, THEY DOES!"

Mrs. Kalaniyot, who lives bang above the bins' parking lot, and who is consequently rather jittery, flung her window open one morning and shrieked at the rioters:

"Quiet, for God's sake! QUIET! Why do you make such a row here every night?"

"HELL, LADY," one dragger roared back politely. "THIS YOU CALLED NIGHT? IT'S HALF PAST FIVE IN THE MORNING, IT IS!"

"I'll call the Police!" Felix Selig joined in the chorus, whereupon the four sanitarians nearly split their sides laughing. "SURE!" they called to Felix, "AND WHERE YOU FIGURE YOU'LL FIND A COP AT HALF PAST FIVE IN THE MORNING, HA?"

THEY ARE cheerful fellows, these four municipal gentlemen, sturdy Israelis who'll stand up for what they believe in, and who won't take orders from anyone. Like one day I got in touch with the Sanitation Department to ask couldn't they do something about these earthquakes at the crack of dawn.

"I know what you mean," said the department chief sympathetically. "It's the same at my place every morning. Terrible, isn't it?"

Next we sent a petition to the Authorities signed by every householder on the block, saying couldn't they ask the four crackers of dawn to please not drop the bins from anything over two metres. We got no reply. The Zieglers' help, a girl by the name of Ethroga, told us we were wasting our time: she lived right next to one of the four, and she lorded it on top of the heap, and she knew for a fact that two Ministers had personally tried to take action, but in the end had been forced to resign and go back to their kibbutz.

To top it all, the environment-allists keep warning us — us! — against the evil consequences of too much noise. The damage to people's brain structure, they say, will be irreversible, and may well be passed on to their progeny.

We could picture our descendants, deaf, dumb and brainless in the last great-grandchild, sending us a reproachful look and loping off into the forests. No, we resolved, something has to be done! But what, ha?

If you can't beat 'em, said Ziegler, join 'em, and he had a point there, because though we'd

never considered actually joining them at the bin-bang, we'd feel a bit guilty. I mean, here were these four stalwarts staying away, while we spoilt bourgeois lay snoozing in our beds till 5.25 in the morning. We decided, therefore, to try the psychological approach. Money was no object.

Two days later we overheard the following dialogue:

"YOHOO!" — this from the Lord of the Heap — "MORNINGS GETTING BLOODY COLD, HA?"

"YOHOO!" — from the yard — "SO PUT ON A SWEATER, HABIB!"

"A SWEATER! A SWEATER. HE SAYS! WHERE YOU FIGURE I'LL TAKE A SWEATER FROM, WHERE?"

That was our cue. We acted — far as our own sake, for the sake of our great-grandchildren, for peace in the Middle East. We all pitched in, and Mrs. Kalaniyot went and bought a splendid women's sweater in the largest size available, and Felix Selig, led by Ethroga, took it to the Lord of the Heap's home. The delegation solemnly presented him with it on behalf of all the neighbours, with expressions of goodwill all round, and peace on earth in the morning. The Lord was greatly touched, thanked Felix again and again, and said he couldn't wait to tell his chums.

Next morning at 5.25 we jumped out of bed in fright.

"YOHOO!" we heard the Lord thundering from his heap. "HERE'S WHERE THEY BOUGHT ME THIS SWEATER, THEY DID! HERE'S WHERE!"

"REAL NICE OF 'EM!" the driver yelled back. "REAL NICE, BLESS 'EM!"

Then came the final lordly crash. With his heart swelling under the new sweater, the Lord flung the bin up in a great joyous arc. It came down, hit a second bin placed on the edge of the fence, and the two of them clattered along the pavement like a pair of cannon balls. I've been deaf in my left ear ever since, with the result that I now sleep quite well on my other side. □

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv".

ON THE MALL



AMERICANS, it would appear, seldom go to the centre of town to shop any more. Except in the biggest cities or smallest towns, they are more likely to go out of town to shop, at sprawling "shopping malls" accessible only by private car. Car ownership is not a problem for Americans; virtually every family can afford some sort of car — or two or three of them.

MARTHA IN AMERICA

times, a country music group, or some other talent. There are potted plants and trees, and even an artificial waterfall — a popular feature in many U.S. shopping malls.

As with most suburban shopping centres, there are branches of big-city department stores (here, Carson Pirie Scott of Chicago), and of national chain stores, such as Sears and J.C. Penney. Smaller shops offer everything from fresh flowers ("Brumm's Bloomin' Barn") to Singer sewing machines to Levi's (a shop called "Just Pants") to health foods, a "must" in every U.S. shopping centre these days. I bought some sea-salted sunflower seeds to satisfy my sabbath children for a touch of home. They also enjoyed another mall shop called "Cookie Factory," which looks like the gingerbread house in Hansel and Gretel, and where you can watch the cookies being made.

SHOPPING MALLS in the U.S. would resemble an enclosed, air-conditioned Rehov Dizengoff — except for two factors: there is no traffic noise (and virtually little people noise either, either because the acoustics and music are so good, or because American shoppers are quieter by nature). The other major difference is that no one sells on the street. There are restaurants in malls, but no sidewalk cafes, at least not where I've been. Unlike Israelis, Americans prefer to do their eating indoors — except at picnic

grounds or amusement parks, or drive-in restaurants, where they eat in their cars (though there seem to be fewer of these than when I was a teenager in the U.S.).

The most impressive shopping mall we have seen in Chicago. It has, if memory serves me, seven storeys. Situated on the fashionable North Side, it is near the historic water tower, and is therefore called "Water Tower Place." It is also adjacent to the fancy new Ritz Carlton Hotel, which has, among other things, a kosher kitchen.

The leading attraction of the Water Tower vertical mall is its glass elevator, or rather trio of glass elevators, from which you get a breath-taking, and rather dizzying, view of the shopping floors as you float by.

The shops here are more elegant than at the other two malls we've visited. There's even a Persian carpet shop, which made me feel I was right back at Asher's Carpet Bazaar on my own Dizengoff doorstep. In fact, shops and restaurants at Water Tower Place are so elegant that even the MacDonalds popular-priced hamburger chain manages to look fancy. The waterfall, running alongside the ground-floor to first-floor escalator, is exquisite.

IN ADDITION to branches of Chicago "Loop" (the downtown's nickname) stores such as the famous Marshall Field's, the new mall has branches of a number of New York stores, including the posh toy store, F.A.O. Schwarz.

One of the offerings for the very affluent child: a bigger-than-child sized Paddington Bear, priced at \$260 (IL2,500).

Nevertheless, with a few excep-

tions such as this, an I have already reported, children's playthings are one of the areas where prices are generally lower in the U.S. than in Israel. And this is especially true if you buy at the "discount stores," where savings are significant even on brand-new items. For instance, I bought my four-year-old a pair of perfectly adequate roller skates, designed especially for beginners, for \$2.97 (just under IL30) at a discount store in Gary, whereas the same brand at a Chicago neighbourhood toy shop was marked \$4.50.

Incidentally, although it would have cost me several times more, I was prepared to buy little Judy made-in-Israel roller skates — but they don't come small enough for most children under six years old.

The big craze in the U.S. today, by the way, is not roller skates, but the more hazardous skate board. I understand the orthopaedic surgeons are doing a booming business from skate board accidents. There have been three within my own circle of acquaintances since I've been here. This is one toy I won't bring back from our trip!

A few lines about the above-mentioned "discount stores": the original and most famous of the discount chains, Robert Hall, for men's clothing, has just gone out of business — quite possibly because its imitators succeeded too well. The idea was to establish retail stores at cheap-land locations (usually on the outskirts of town), and run them on a self-service system requiring a minimum of sales staff.

The Robert Hall idea expanded into a wide array of low-maintenance-cost stores selling virtually everything from major household appliances to non-prescription drugs at discount prices. Every American city and town has its discount department stores. The closest thing in Israel is Shekhem, which is only for members of the Defence Forces and their families, and the new discount stores for household cleaning supplies and even groceries (such as Cash-and-Carry in Petah Tikva), but here the range of merchandise is nowhere near as broad as at most U.S. discount department stores.

IF THERE ARE so many discount stores, why do Americans still patronize the higher-priced department stores and smaller retail shops? One answer is that the discount stores do not generally carry fine-quality merchandise. This may not matter if you're buying a garden hose, but it might if you are choosing clothes and can afford high fashion or quality tailoring. Also, sometimes you want the assistance of trained sales personnel — something you rarely get in a discount store, where the policy is help-yourself.

Not long ago I devoted this column to various discount shopping schemes in Israel — most of them involving a membership card and a certain amount of inconvenience about getting your discount. This is not at all the same as an American discount store, which is open to all comers, including visitors to the country, and where the discount is already calculated into the prices marked on merchandise — something even Shekhem does not do on all items.

I am certain the discount store as known in the U.S. will eventually come to Israel. As in America, it will not replace conventional department stores and private shops, but will come as yet another alternative for consumer convenience. □ Martha Meisels

A Post pudding

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

FOR YEARS, members of The Jerusalem Post staff were subjected to the most terrible suffering every time they had to eat a meal at their place of work.

The paper's canteen was presided over by a series of slovenly characters whose bad cooking was matched only by their inability to maintain a semblance of cleanliness. The better-organized press workers and journalists brought sandwiches; the others suffered.

Then redemption came in the person of Elie Sadoun, a genial character who obviously delights in serving good food. Indeed, a few months ago, when the management told him that he could raise his prices, Sadoun refused to do so, saying that he did not want to discourage those who might not otherwise get a good meal. And a good meal it is.

But Sadoun is not just an expert at cooking meals. At a party for the staff a few months ago, he came up with a series of tasty delicacies and snacks. One of them, a sort of egg pudding, seemed especially good and easy to prepare.

To make what Elie says is called Ma'ouda in his native Morocco, boil and mash a kilo of potatoes. When they have cooled, mix in a dozen beaten eggs.

To decorate the mixture, add three cooked carrots, cut into small pieces, and about a cup of tinned or frozen peas. In fact, it would appear that a whole variety of ingredients can be included, such as pieces of cooked meat or chicken, or other cooked vegetables.

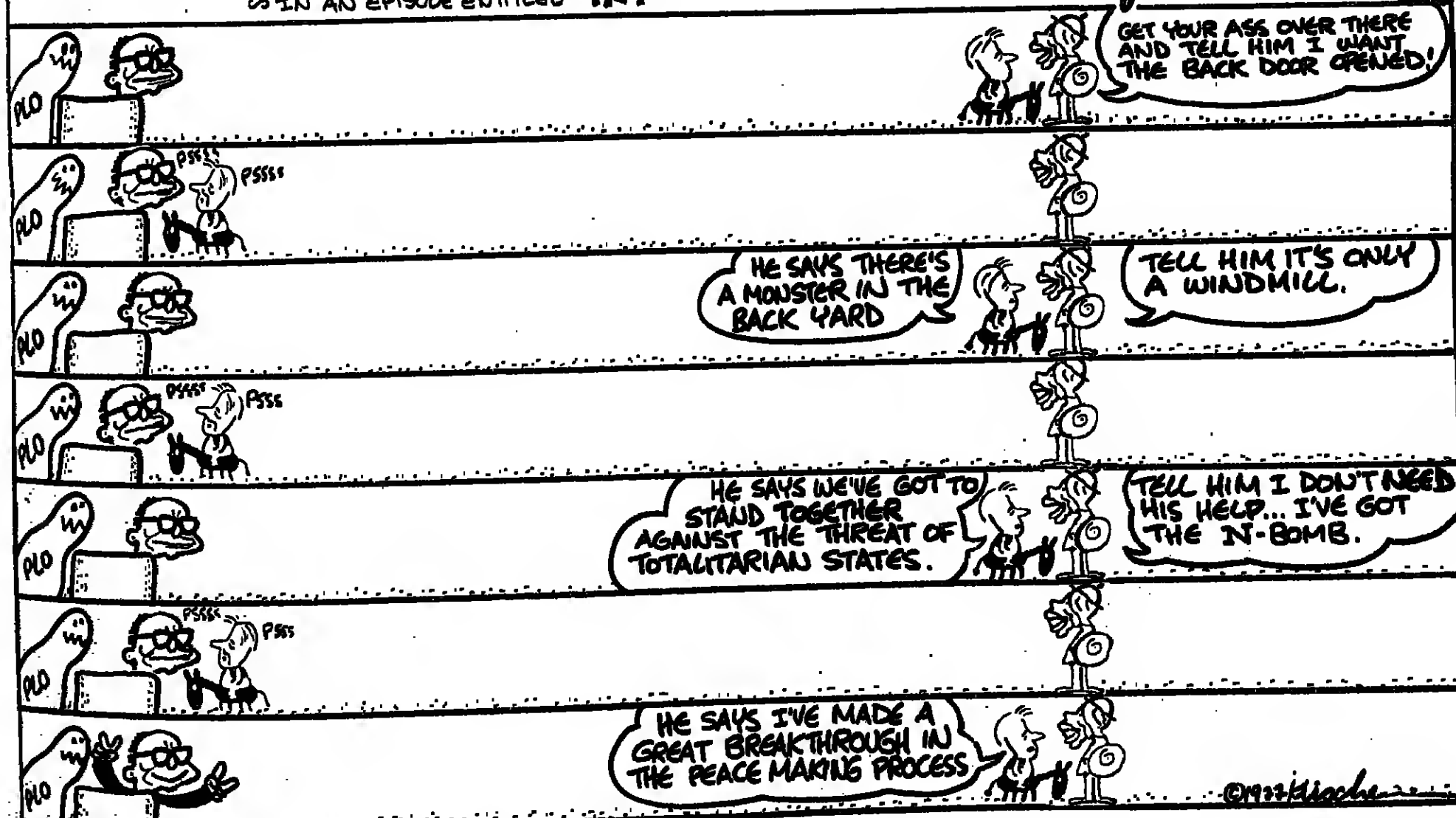
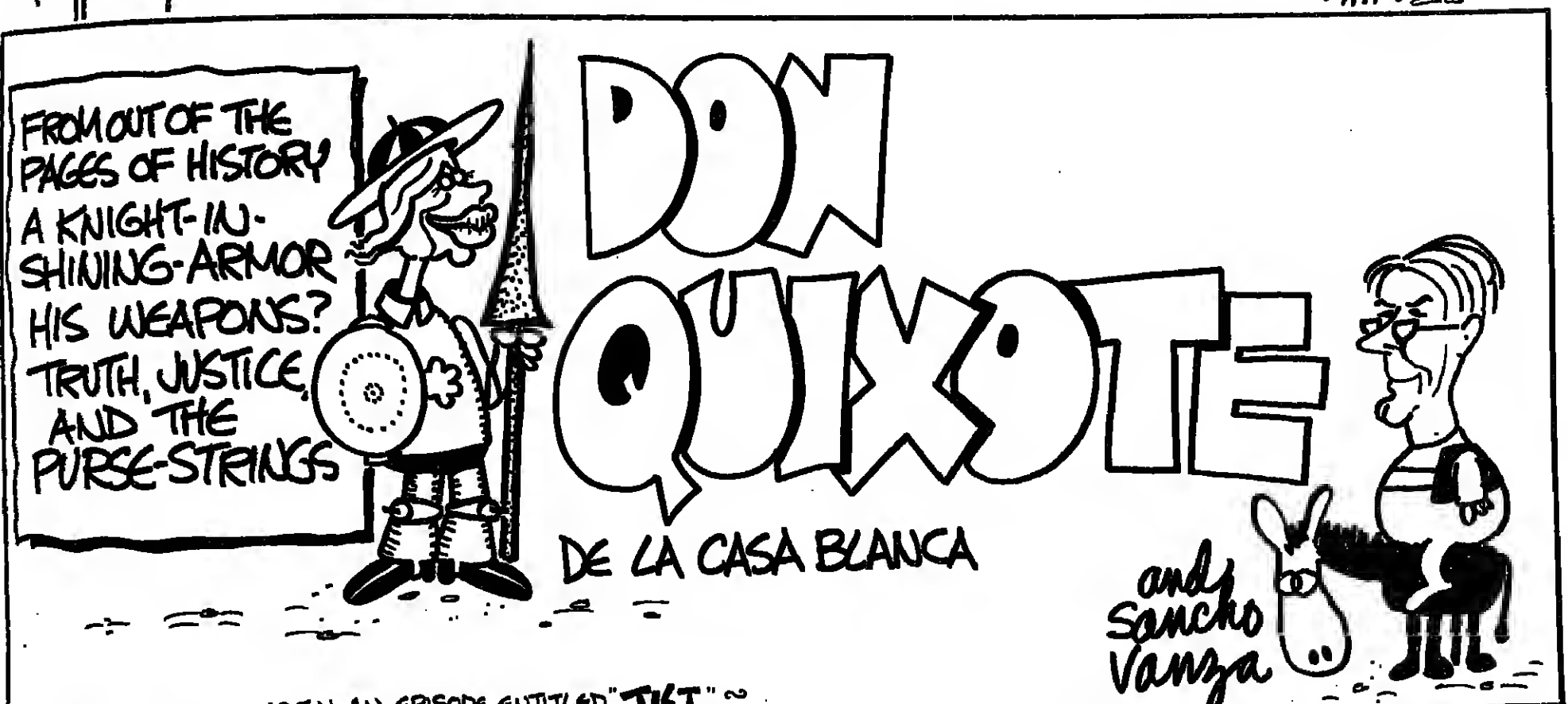
Season the mixture with salt and pepper to taste and, if you like, a good pinch of cumin. Heat about two centimetres of oil in a deep pot. The oil should be smoking when you add the pudding mixture.

Lower the heat under the pot and allow the pudding to simmer for a good 10 to 15 minutes. After the top seems to be firm, shake the pudding out of the pot onto a plate, turn, and return it to the pot so that the top is browned as well.

However, Elie noted, if you wait you may put the pot in the oven after the initial frying, in which case you need not turn it. Allow the pudding to cool and serve sliced. Considering the quantities involved, you could even invite a few guests to enjoy it with you. □



The Weekend Dry Bones



هكذا من الأصل